BOYS' LIFE

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AUGUST 1939

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TIMELY PHOTO FEATURES
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GOOD? YOU SAID IT!

A BOY'S BEST PAL ALL SUMMER

DO YOU often hear your parents say, "That boy's hungry *all* the time"? Well, if your parents played as hard as *you* do—and had a lot of growing to do besides—they'd be hungry, too! It's *natural* for a boy to be hungry. And it's *fun* when there's a Baby Ruth Candy Bar handy!

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AUGUST, 1939 **BOYS' LIFE** Vol. XXIX, No. 8

The bits of cloth bore writing in a substance which Clyde knew was blood

The SECRET OF THE SAHARA

by Eugene Wright

Defeat whispers mockingly from blazing dunes when water bags crack and dry

"HE'LL never come back," the Frenchman exclaimed. "Never! Your father's dead, do you understand? Dead!"

Clyde Morrison gazed at his guardian's bright, dark eyes and flushed cheeks. Was this the man who had been so kind to him since his father vanished into the Sahara, the one man in Touggourt who had maintained that his father was alive and would return, even after the military authorities had given up hope?

"Touma returned, didn't he?" he challenged. "Didn't you say so yourself?"

The old trader sadly shook his head. Was there no way, he wondered, of making the boy understand? No way of convincing him that James Morrison had —well, who knew what did happen to men who went prospecting in the Sahara and were never heard from again?

"There would be more hope," he told Clyde, "if Touma had not returned. No camel comes back to its pasturage while its master lives, not if its master can prevent it. Do you suppose," he added, smiling grimly at the prospect, "that your father would *send* him back?"

"I don't know," Clyde boldly returned the Frenchman's stare. "If he couldn't ride Touma, if he were injured somewhere or maybe captured by Arabs he might send him back. He might send him back for help!"

"At this time of the year?" Monsieur de Vic's teeth gleamed in his black, bushy beard. "There is not a living well between here and the Hoggar. The pasturage has been burned to a crisp. Not a single caravan has arrived from the South since the end of June. And not a single caravan has left here for the South. It will be another month before the desert is cool enough to travel. And how," he asked, "can you expect a search to be made now even if your father were alive? How could you expect him to live through the summer's heat?"

"Touma traveled," Clyde said, defiantly.

"Touma," replied the old trader, "is an extraordinary camel. There is not another like him in the Sahara. And there never will be."

And with these words, considering the matter settled, he resumed his packing of Clyde's books and clothes, final preparations for the trip back to America which he decided Clyde must begin the next day.

CLYDE went outside. The sand in the courtyard that enclosed the Frenchman's trading post had begun to lose the heat thrown fiercely upon it all day by the sun. The sky glittered with stars. Clyde squared his shoulders. He breathed deeply of the clean, cooling air. What difference did it make if his father had been gone for over a year? What differ-

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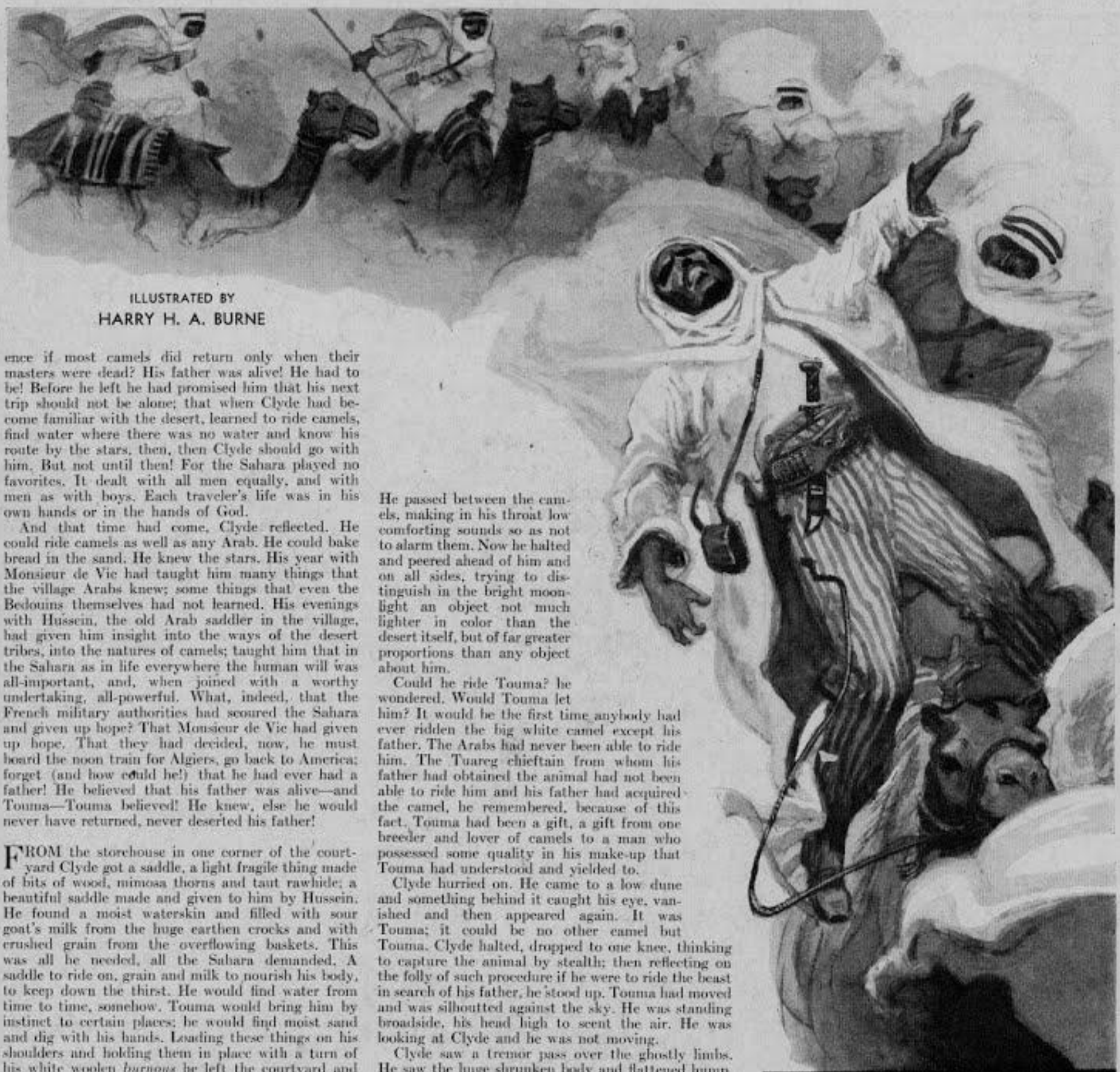

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY H. A. BURNE

ence if most camels did return only when their masters were dead? His father was alive! He had to be! Before he left he had promised him that his next trip should not be alone; that when Clyde had become familiar with the desert, learned to ride camels, find water where there was no water and know his route by the stars, then, then Clyde should go with him. But not until then! For the Sahara played no favorites. It dealt with all men equally, and with men as with boys. Each traveler's life was in his own hands or in the hands of God.

And that time had come, Clyde reflected. He could ride camels as well as any Arab. He could bake bread in the sand. He knew the stars. His year with Monsieur de Vic had taught him many things that the village Arabs knew; some things that even the Bedouins themselves had not learned. His evenings with Hussein, the old Arab saddler in the village, had given him insight into the ways of the desert tribes, into the natures of camels; taught him that in the Sahara as in life everywhere the human will was all-important, and, when joined with a worthy undertaking, all-powerful. What, indeed, that the French military authorities had scoured the Sahara and given up hope? That Monsieur de Vic had given up hope. That they had decided, now, he must board the noon train for Algiers, go back to America; forget (and how could he!) that he had ever had a father! He believed that his father was alive—and Touma—Touma believed! He knew, else he would never have returned, never deserted his father!

FROM the storehouse in one corner of the courtyard Clyde got a saddle, a light fragile thing made of bits of wood, mimosa thorns and taut rawhide; a beautiful saddle made and given to him by Hussein. He found a moist waterskin and filled with sour goat's milk from the huge earthen crocks and with crushed grain from the overflowing baskets. This was all he needed, all the Sahara demanded. A saddle to ride on, grain and milk to nourish his body, to keep down the thirst. He would find water from time to time, somehow. Touma would bring him by instinct to certain places; he would find moist sand and dig with his hands. Loading these things on his shoulders and holding them in place with a turn of his white woolen *burnous* he left the courtyard and gained the narrow path that led to the pasturage through the date grove. His heart was thumping; the blood was racing through his veins. Wild doves rustled and fluttered above him in the palm trees. A dog barked at him from the courtyard of a grove owner and continued barking until he had reached the sand dunes beyond and was gazing over a vast expanse of moon-lighted desert.

Was Touma still there? he asked himself. Monsieur de Vic had said so, said he had arrived that morning and that he had seen him that afternoon; that the Arabs, everybody, had seen him. That he had come only to the edge of the pasturage, to where the herd of brown camels belonging to Monsieur de Vic and the French military authorities were feeding; that he had refused to come any closer and that neither he himself nor any of the Arabs had been able to approach him.

But Clyde could see no sign of the big white camel now, nothing but the dark, triangular shaped objects which were the brown camels and the moving dark spaces that were their shadows. Descending the dune in long strides, the sand spurting from his heels, he reached the plateau beyond and was soon walking cautiously towards the herd, breathing the strong, comforting odours of their bodies, and hearing the noises from their stomachs as they brought into their mouths and chewed again the herbage already eaten. He passed between the camels, making in his throat low comforting sounds so as not to alarm them. Now he halted and peered ahead of him and on all sides, trying to distinguish in the bright moonlight an object not much lighter in color than the desert itself, but of far greater proportions than any object about him.

Could he ride Touma? he wondered. Would Touma let him? It would be the first time anybody had ever ridden the big white camel except his father. The Arabs had never been able to ride him. The Tuareg chieftain from whom his father had obtained the animal had not been able to ride him and his father had acquired the camel, he remembered, because of this fact. Touma had been a gift, a gift from one breeder and lover of camels to a man who possessed some quality in his make-up that Touma had understood and yielded to.

Clyde hurried on. He came to a low dune and something behind it caught his eye, vanished and then appeared again. It was Touma; it could be no other camel but Touma. Clyde halted, dropped to one knee, thinking to capture the animal by stealth; then reflecting on the folly of such procedure if he were to ride the beast in search of his father, he stood up. Touma had moved and was silhoutted against the sky. He was standing broadside, his head high to scent the air. He was looking at Clyde and he was not moving.

Clyde saw a tremor pass over the ghostly limbs. He saw the huge shrunken body and flattened hump. He saw the nostrils, move, catching his scent, and the ears go up.

"Touma," he whispered, "Touma!"

The great beast raised its head higher, then lowered it as Clyde crept forward, his hand outstretched, his purpose firm.

"Touma," he whispered again; and as his fingers touched its soft muzzle the camel sank to its foreknees and was resting contentedly, gently ruminating, when Clyde placed the saddle on its back and thrust the cinch ring under its deep chest.

A MONTH later Clyde had passed the Hoggar and was riding in an easterly direction towards the Tanzerouft, or Land Without Water. But it would have been hard to recognize him as the youth who had left Touggourt. His eyebrows had been bleached almost white. His face and hands were the color of old leather. The soles of his feet were like a camel's—cracked by the heat, but tough and resilient.

He glanced at his waterskin, rhythmically swinging beside Touma's belly. It was almost half full. At Inifel, a deserted oasis four days behind him, he had laboriously filled it, scooping the moist sand through an end of his turban. The day following he had met a tribe of half-wild Arabs who had given him goats' milk and a few handsful of crushed millet.

But they had not seen the "white man who

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wandered the desert alone," nor had they heard of him.

Clyde drew his foot from the curve of Touma's neck and rested it against the slope of his saddle horn. He spoke to the beast and stroked its shoulder with his dangling heel. Since the day they had left the pasturage, he reflected, Touma had not once hesitated about his course. Night after night he had marched with an unwavering sense of direction, pausing only to lower his long neck and snatch from the ground such green as happened to be in his path. He never bellowed when the saddle was put on his back; it was not necessary to hobble him or tie him when they stopped to rest. Having found something to eat Touma would feed for several hours; then return to the bush under which Clyde lay asleep and lie with his neck flat against the sand until Clyde awoke and mounted him again.

Touma lifted his head. His nostrils quivered. A light breeze had begun to stir the air. In the east, Clyde could see a wall of darkness was slowly rising. He could hear a noise as of waves breaking on a long beach.

Quickly he drew up his skin of water and milk, wrapped it in his burnous. He knew that a sandstorm was coming up. How often in Touggourt hadn't he run for shelter when the Sahara began to move, battened doors and windows, remained for days inside while the wind howled and the dunes flung themselves through the date groves and up the broad sandy streets about the houses?

BUT there was no escape here. The wall of tempest-whirled sand was coming towards him with the speed of an express train. Stones were bounding past Touma's feet. Darkness had closed over the desert and the roar of the storm was all about him.

Touma collapsed. Dismounting, Clyde buried himself against the beast's chest, covered his face with his turban. He looked back, and beneath the purple cupola of sand that had spanned the heavens from north to south he could see the black maw of the tornado scooping the very earth itself, mingling sand, rocks and brushwood in a roaring foam.

All day long the storm raged and all that night and until morning of the next day. Rain fell followed by a driving hail and Clyde squeezed out his water-soaked garments, drinking what he could and putting the rest into his waterskin. In Touggourt, he remembered, there had always been fine weather after a tornado. Green grass had sprouted from the refreshed soil; flowers had appeared on the rocky plateaus. But in these depths of the Sahara, in the orbit of the equinoxial storms, there was no such happy result, for when the wind had ceased the atmosphere was filled with a fine dust which blotted out the sun, shut out the horizons and the stars and turned the desert into a smoky furnace.

HOW many days Clyde rode through this dust-filled desert he never knew. He counted three days by the cold, pitchy darkness of the desert by night, the withering, devastating heat of day; and he knew from his diminishing water supply, consumed as much by the heat as by his own stomach, that a day would come when he would no longer know whether he was mounted in the saddle on Touma's back or lying prostrate on the sand, only dreaming that he was riding and that lakes surrounded by waving palms beckoned him from the distance. He wondered how Touma found the strength to march, Touma who had eaten nothing in five days, who had not tasted water in nine days; and then he no longer wondered, for having consumed the last of his water and bound himself in the saddle with his burnous his mind had stopped; his tongue filled his mouth. He traveled, and he traveled on the four legs of a beast whose will was his own.

In the foothills of that part of the Sahara that is called Azben a party of Tuaregs were returning through the dust-storm to their mountain village. They were tall men, proud of bearing and heavily armed. Each man carried at his saddle a white shield of antelope hide, and in the hollow of his arm an iron lance. Long knives, secured to their wrists by clasps of red and green leather, protruded from the voluminous sleeves of their blue garments. All were mounted on white camels with long slender legs and small, hairless heads, which they guided by the pressure of their toes only.

Suddenly the leader drew in his mount. He leaned forward, pointing with his lance at the footprints of a camel, barely discernible through the dust.

"A Tuareg camel!" he said. "A big one!"

His followers nodded. Straightening themselves in the saddle they urged their mounts to greater speed. Within a half hour they had (*To page 51*)

Their ancient war against the Tauregs, their years of pillage and plunder had at last come to an end

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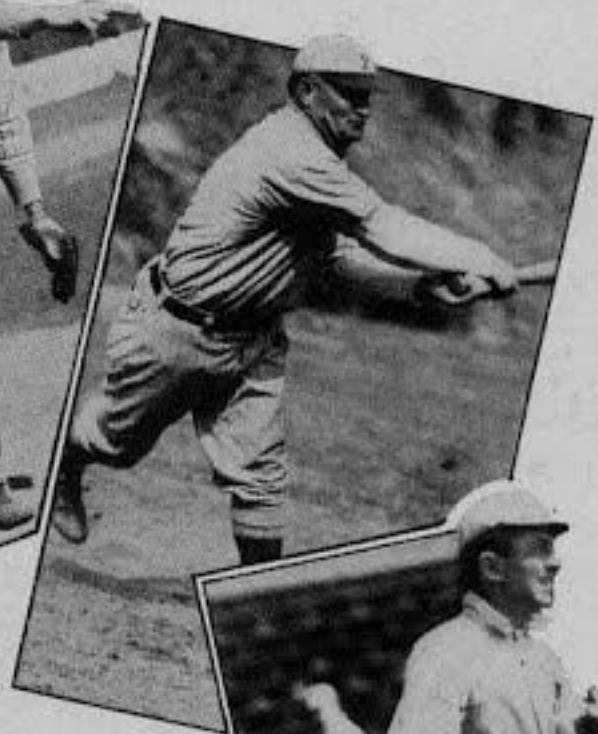
BABES *in the* BIG LEAGUES

By Frank Graham

SPORT COLUMNIST, NEW YORK "SUN"

Walter Johnson (left) fastest pitcher in history of game. Won 414 games



Honus (Hans) Wagner (right) Pittsburgh's great shortstop. Heads N.L. in runs, hits and stolen bases

Willie Keeler (left) Giants, baseball's greatest place-hitter

George Sisler (above) Boston N.L. great first baseman. Major league batting record of .341

Ty Cobb (above) Detroit. Led A.L. in batting 12 times. Created more records than any other player. Retired with 4025 hits

Connie Mack (below) as catcher for Pittsburgh, 1887. Manager Athletics since 1901, winning 9 pennants and 5 world series

John McGraw, third baseman Baltimore Orioles. Manager Giants 30 years, winning 10 pennants and 3 world series

AT SIXTEEN, many a boy's eyes turn toward the major leagues. But I am thinking now of two boys who reached the major leagues when they were sixteen. Two? Well, there have been more than two, of course. Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians, for instance, was only sixteen when a Cleveland scout turned him up in Van Meter, Iowa, and the time may come when Bob will be recognized as a great pitcher. But he still hasn't struck the top of his stride and the fame of the two boys I am thinking of already is secure. One is Waite Hoyt. The other, Melvin Ott. Hoyt's baseball days are behind him and he now is an excellent radio sports commentator in New York. Ott, as you know, still is the right fielder of the Giants.

Curiously enough, both broke in under the late John J. McGraw, then the manager of the Giants. Both were dropped into his lap. One left him before achieving fame. The other gained it under his careful direction.

Because they began too young, their records are embroidered with some fascinating and almost incredible figures. At twenty-one, Hoyt had been with the Giants and several minor league clubs, had taken time out to serve as a student army officer during the war, had been a notable success as a member of the Boston Red Sox pitching staff and had been sold to the Yankees. Shortly after he had passed his twenty-second birthday, he was a world series hero . . . and when he was traded by the Yankees to the Detroit Tigers after nine years in New York, he was only thirty. Ott, now thirty, is playing his fourteenth season with the Giants, has been a headliner for more than ten years and has figured prominently in three world series.

They came to the Giants ten years apart, Hoyt in 1915 and Ott in 1925. I'll take them in chronological order.

Hoyt was born and reared close to the scene of the triumphs he was destined to know. His father was Ad Hoyt, a minstrel and vaudevillian, and he was born in Brooklyn. He knew the theatre first, footlights and the dimmer lights that burn behind them, and the smell of grease paint and the sight of his father, in black face, out there on the stage, making an audience chuckle and laugh. One of his earliest recollections is of a night when he sat with his mother in the first row of the balcony of a Hoboken vaudeville house, where his father was appearing. That was in a time before the Holland Tunnels were built and the only means of transportation between New York and Hoboken was a ferry. It was growing late and his mother was getting nervous and she said to the child Waite:

"I wish your father would hurry. I'm afraid we'll miss the last boat."

The child Waite was concerned. And so he convulsed the audience by leaning over the balcony rail and yelling:

"Hey, Pop, hurry up or we'll miss the last boat!"

He attended grammar school in Flatbush, which is a part of Brooklyn and, upon being graduated, entered Erasmus Hall High School. He pitched for the high school team and was the best high school pitcher in Greater New York at that time. He was so good that some one suggested he go to Ebbets Field near by, and try to impress the late Wilbert Robinson, then the manager of the Dodgers. Baseball was conducted on a very informal basis at Ebbets Field during the Robinson regime. Waite got in, got a uniform and worked out with the Dodgers without, apparently, any one knowing he was there. At any rate, no one paid the slightest attention to him.

HE PITCHED to the hitters and he warmed up with the catchers and he shagged flies in the outfield and nobody asked him who he was or where he came from or why he was there. And then the Giants entered Ebbets Field for a series and Charlie Dooin saw him.

Nobody remembers Charlie Dooin any more. But just a few years before the hopeful young Hoyt appeared on the baseball scene, Dooin had been one of the best catchers in the game. He had caught for the Philadelphia National League team and he had managed the Phillies and then something had happened and he had been released and John McGraw, who had fought him bitterly many times on the field but always had respected him, signed him as a coach for the Giant pitchers. Now the Giants were at Ebbets Field and Dooin, red haired, freckled and forthright, saw this kid warming up and liked his looks and his stuff and asked him if he belonged to the Brooklyn club.

"No," Waite said.

"Then what are you doing here?" Dooin asked.

"Just working out," Waite said. "But nobody pays any attention to me."

"Come over to the Polo Grounds when this series is over," Dooin said. "We'll pay attention to you."

It was late in the summer of 1915. When the Giants returned to the Polo Grounds, Hoyt followed them. Dooin told McGraw about him and McGraw looked at him and liked him. But he was only sixteen and McGraw was going to go a little slow with him. He made no promises to him but told him to come back every day. The more he saw of the boy the better he liked him. And when the season ended he said:

"Come back in the spring, when we get back from spring training. If I like you then as much as I do now, I'll give you a contract."

Hoyt went back in the spring. McGraw looked him over again and gave him a contract. Because Waite was a minor, his father had to sign the contract. McGraw kept him around for a while and then decided to send him out to the minor leagues where he could get some actual pitching experience because, of course, there was no chance for him to do any pitching for the Giants. Not then. Not with pitchers like Christy Mathewson, Jeff Tesreau, Poll Perritt, Fred Anderson, Rube Benton and Ferdie Schupp on the staff.

Thus Waite began the round of the minor leagues. He followed it through 1916 and 1917. Montreal, Memphis, Newark, two or three

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towns in minor leagues that blew up under him. By 1918, the urge to leave baseball behind him and go to war overtook him. He enrolled as a student officer in the army. With November of 1918 and the armistice he was mustered out and was ready to play ball again.

One day that winter he dropped into the offices of the Giants to talk to McGraw about his future.

"You're just the fellow I want to see," McGraw said.

Hope hit Hoyt right in the chest.

"That's fine, Mr. McGraw," he said. "I figure I've seen enough of the minor leagues and learned about all I could. So I'm ready to pitch for the Giants this year."

"I'm sorry," McGraw said, "but I have just sent you out under option to Rochester. They have a catcher named Earl Smith up there that I want very much and I have included you in the deal for him. But don't worry. If you have a good year up there—and I'm sure you will—you'll be with us again in the fall."

"No," Hoyt said. "I've had enough. I'll go south with you in the spring and stay with you all year—or I'm through."

THEY argued a long time about that. McGraw could argue very persuasively. But that day he couldn't overcome Hoyt's objections to playing in the minor leagues any longer. Waite felt he was a major league pitcher. He would have that status, or he would quit. The argument ended in a stand off. Hoyt wouldn't go to the minor leagues again and McGraw wouldn't keep him. And so Hoyt walked out of the Giant office, vowing he never would come back. He did—but did not until he was in the waning days of his career and McGraw was dead and Bill Terry was the manager of the Giants.

He was through with the Giants. But he was not through with baseball. A ship building plant in Baltimore had a baseball team composed of professional players to entertain its employees. There was no Sunday baseball in Philadelphia at that time and on Sundays visiting major league clubs frequently dropped down from Philadelphia and played exhibition games against this team. Hoyt joined the team and beat every major league club he faced during the 1919 season, climaxing his amazing record by beating the Cincinnati Reds, who already had clinched the National League pennant.

Naturally, major league scouts sought him eagerly. McGraw, proud, offended and resentful—and, possibly, still believing he was not a big league pitcher, alone would have no part of him. The Red Sox made the most attractive offer and so he signed with the Red Sox. There was, however, a complication. At the time McGraw talked to Hoyt, the deal with the Rochester club, although not publicly announced, had been made. The Rochester club, despairing of being able to sign him, sold him to New Orleans. New Orleans had been unable to get him to report but, under baseball law, had a valid claim on his services. And so it appears in the records that the Red Sox bought him from New Orleans.

He was, as he had thought all along, a major league pitcher. In 1920 he had a fine record with a hopeless second division team. That winter he was sold to the Yankees. He helped to pitch the Yankees to their first pennant in 1921. He contributed greatly to their pennant winnings in 1922 and 1923. He remained among baseball's leading pitchers as the Yankees, after a two year lapse, swung back to the heights in 1926, 1927 and 1928.

It was along about that time that, always one of the most articulate of ball players, he said:

"A Yankee pitcher never should hold out because if he does they might trade him—and then he would have to pitch against them."

Miller Huggins, who had managed the Yankees through all Hoyt's brightest years, died near the close of the 1929 season. Bob Shawkey was appointed to succeed him. The contract sent to Hoyt for the 1930 season contained a bonus clause, which meant that he had to win a stipulated number of games in order to get as much money as he had the year before, when he had been one of baseball's highest salaried pitchers. He had seen the Yankees crack as Huggins died. He didn't know how quickly they would come back under Shawkey. And so he held out for better terms. There was a long wrangle, finally a compromise. Hoyt went south with the Yankees, came north and started the season with them. But early in the season he was traded to Detroit. The first time he pitched against the Yankees they knocked him out in three innings.

His star had set. He was losing his stuff. But because he was a smart pitcher, he still was a pretty good one. By 1931 he was again with a pennant winner, the Athletics, and pitched in his seventh world series. But now he was drifting. To the Dodgers—to the Giants under Terry—to the Pirates. And then he quit, leaving behind him a record extending over nineteen years and of such brilliance that few pitchers have matched it or even approached it.

Ott—well, Ott is different in many ways. Similar indeed, only in the sense that he, too, started young and has known or touched greatness as a ball player in the big league.

Babe Ruth, Pitcher Boston, Outfielder Yankees. Holder of many batting records. Gathered 714 home runs.

Eddie Collins (above) famed second baseman. Made 3313 hits in 2826 games

Christy Mathewson (right) greatest of all pitchers. First pitcher to win 30 games in 3 successive years. Pitched 3 shut outs in 1905 World's series

Tris Speaker (below) greatest centerfielder of his day. Lifetime batting average of .344

Grover Cleveland Alexander, greatest N.L. pitcher for two decades

100 Years of Baseball

THIS year baseball celebrates its one hundredth anniversary. It was at Cooperstown, N. Y. in 1839 that Abner Doubleday, soon to enter West Point and later to be distinguished as soldier, engineer and author, evolved the game from one o' cat, two o' cat, town ball and rounders. It was there that Alexander Cartwright, a young engineer improved upon the first crude field laid out by Doubleday and, with a touch of genius, set the distance between the bases at ninety feet.

At Cooperstown there has been erected a baseball Hall of Fame, to which the great figures of the game will be elected as the years roll along. Already twenty men, have been chosen for immortality—or that measure of it which baseball has to offer. These, in addition to Doubleday and Cartwright, are:

Morgan G. Bulkeley, second president of the National League, who exerted a powerful influence in the early days of baseball as an organized, professional sport.

George Wright, one of the first of the great players.

Henry Chadwick, first of the famous baseball writers and known as the Father of Baseball, who vigorously fought gambling and other evils of the game in its infancy and so helped to win confidence in the game.

Byron Bancroft Johnson, founder and first president of the American League.

The following players: John J. McGraw, Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie Mack), Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Denton True (Cy) Young, John Henry (Hans) Wagner, Napoleon Lajoie, Grover Cleveland Alexander, George Herman (Babe) Ruth, George Sisler, Willie Keeler, Tristam Speaker, Tyrus Raymond Cobb, Edward Trowbridge Collins.

The historic field at Cooperstown was neglected for many years but with the approach of the centennial it was carefully landscaped.

Mel was born in Gretna, Louisiana, which is not a great way from New Orleans. In June of 1925 he was graduated from the Gretna High School, where he had distinguished himself principally as the catcher on the baseball team. The pitcher on that team—whose name has been lost in the shuffle of the last fourteen years—was good, too. Some one suggested that they seek a trial, as a battery, with the New Orleans club. They did. It was not altogether successful. The late Julius Heinneman, president of the New Orleans club, signed the pitcher to a contract and promptly farmed him out to the Cotton States League. We need not concern ourselves with him because, in a baseball sense, he never was heard of again.

And then Heinneman turned to Ott.

"My boy," he said, "go home. Some day you may be a ball player. I don't know. But now you are too young. Go home and keep playing ball and three or four years from now come back and we will look at you again."

Go home? Sure, he'd go home. Where else would he go? Keep on playing ball? Well, nobody had to tell him to do that. What else would he do? What else did he want to do? He went back to Gretna and went on playing ball.

NOW there was at that time a man named Harry Williams who was a lumber baron in Louisiana and a great baseball fan. He was such a baseball fan that on his estate he maintained a baseball team to play for his house guests, who nearly always were numerous, especially over the week ends. To play his team he brought to his estate the best semi-professional teams he could rake up through Louisiana and the adjoining states. And if, by some mischance, he had no house guests to watch the ball games, well, there always was himself and his charming wife, who had been Marguerite Clark, a star of the silent movies.

It happened, in 1923, that he needed a catcher for his team because his catcher had been hurt and somebody told him of a kid named Mel Ott who lived in Gretna and not only was a good catcher but could hit. So he sent for Ott and Ott reported and caught a few games and hit the wadding out of the ball and Williams said to himself:

"This boy is going to be a great ball player some day. I think I will send him to my friend, John McGraw."

When he told Ott what was in his mind—well, you can imagine how Ott felt. McGraw! The Giants! New York! It seemed unbelievable. But it wasn't. Williams had wired to McGraw about the boy and McGraw had wired back to send him on—and there was Williams handing the boy a ticket to New York and money for his meals and other (To page 29)

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"WE'RE STAYING TO FISH" by Harold M. Sherman

No outboard could stand up against these waves—said the by-standers!

"SORRY, Bill. I can't spend the money right now."

"But you'll get it all back—and more, too!" insisted Bill Bowen. "Come on, Bob, we've always gone in together on things. Buy this outboard motor boat with me and we'll clean up on all this resort business!"

Bob Hart shook his head. "No, I can't do it. I'm not even going to college next year."

"Not going to college! Why, we'd planned—" Bill gave his lifelong chum a searching glance. "Say, what's the big idea?"

"Oh, I just think a year outside will do me good. And I can use the money for other things."

Bill boiled. Here was Bob, knocking all his dreams into several cocked hats. All through highschool they'd been saving up to go to college together. Each had a nice little nest egg with money largely earned through the summer seasons, as guides to fishermen, wealthy people who came to try their luck on Greenwood lake. This summer had started out like the best ever and Bill had been ambitious to increase their earning capacity.

"Bob, I can't understand you any more at all. Passing up a chance like this. Okay, if you don't want to go in with me, I'll buy the outboard myself and you'll be out of luck!"

"Suppose you think I won't be able to get any fishing jobs when you put your boat on the lake," said Bob, dryly.

"You *won't* get very many," said Bill. "I can tow three or four fishing parties, in their own boats, to the fishing grounds, while you're rowing or paddling *one*. We've needed something like this for years. Better change your mind before it's too late."

"I've told you I couldn't do it," repeated Bob. "Go to it, Bill. Get your outboard motor and count me out!"

AND so it was that a break came in the close relationship of two former pals. Within two weeks, Bill Bowen launched the most stunning new outboard motor boat ever seen on Greenwood lake. It was the *only* one, in fact, on his side of the lake and in immediate demand by resort fishermen.

Bob, with only his canoe to rent and his personal services to offer, began to lose business to Bill as Bill had predicted.

"I told you you should have come in with me!" Bill couldn't resist shouting to Bob, one day, as he returned to the boathouse from having towed three boats of fishermen to their anchorages on the lake.

Bob, paddling by in his canoe, made no answer. He took the waves from Bill's outboard motor, nosing into them and bobbing up and down. Bill laughed and let out the motor so that his boat skimmed the water, churning up a trail of white foam behind.

"I'll bet he's burning up," said Bill to himself. "But it's his own fault. If he'd stuck with me, he'd have been in the dough now. As it is, he's got to take my *leavings!*"

Competing against Bob was a new sensation and Bill wasn't exactly sure that he liked it. But most of the fishermen naturally gravitated to him now that he was equipped to transport them speedily to any part of the lake. More than that, Bill had developed a reputation for knowing where the best fishing holes were. He had located a spot off the point, a mile from the boathouse, where his fishing parties had landed big catches of black bass and wall-eyed pike.

"Let Bill Bowen take you out!" was the word that went around, "if you want to get a good haul of fish!"

It was mid-season and, with demands on his time, Bill had to be up with the sun to accommodate those whom the town paper referred to as "early morning piscatorial enthusiasts." These parties wished to be towed to their fishing grounds shortly after dawn and picked up again just before noon. Other parties, less ambitious, preferred to go out around two in the afternoon and remain until dusk. These schedules kept Bill pretty much "going and coming."

An advent of considerable social and economic significance was the arrival at Greenwood lake of the multi-millionaire oil man, Cornelius Baker. Bill made a call on him at the Greenwood Inn, to make arrangements for acting as Mr. Baker's guide. From a business standpoint, Mr. Baker was the "catch" of the season.

"Sorry, young man, but I've already hired someone," said Mr. Baker, in answer to Bill's solicitation.

"You have!" exclaimed Bill, in surprise.

"Yes," said the wealthy sportsman. "A chap by the name of—a—oh, plague my memory—never can recall names!"

"I think I know," surmised Bill. "Isn't his name Bob Hart?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
JEROME ROZEN

"Sounds somewhat familiar but you couldn't prove it by me. Anyway, I'm taken care of, young man. Thank you just the same. By the way, if you know where some good fishing holes are—"

"I've no doubt that Mr. Hart knows," said Bill. "Better ask him since he's your guide."

Cornelius Baker exploded a laugh. "Ha, ha! I see! You fellows are pretty secretive about the places on this lake where the fish are biting! Well, I'll have to scout around and see what information I can pick up. I certainly believe in going where the fish *are!* Yes, sir! You can't expect the fish to bite when they aren't there!"

Bill's face flushed. "Well, I wish you luck, Mr. Baker. Sorry I couldn't serve you!"

He turned and hurried from the Inn, wondering why he should be feeling so upset and resentful inside. Why should he begrudge Bob, as he was doing, this one good contact? Mr. Baker was a notorious spender. He was the equivalent of three ordinary fishing parties where money was concerned. But Bill had his hands full as it was. And Bob had had pretty lean pickings all season. Just the same his landing of the "prize" hurt. And it didn't make Bill feel any better to run into Bob, at this moment, face to face.

"A little late, weren't you?" Bob greeted, instantly divining Bill's purpose in having called at the Inn. "Too bad, Bill, old man, I beat you to it this time!"

"You won't keep Mr. Baker very long," predicted Bill. "I've got all the good fishing holes on the lake."

"We'll see about that," said Bob, quietly.

IT WAS several mornings later that it happened. Bill had risen early, as usual, on a day which promised to be scorchingly hot. He rounded up three of his fishing parties and fastened his tow lines to their boats.

"Looks like we're going to be in for a nice case of sunburn out there today," one of the men remarked. "Guess you'd better not let us stay out so long. Keep an eye out for our signal to be taken in."

"I will," Bill promised, as he started his outboard motor and the towing trip began. "Where do you men want to go—off the point again?"

"Yes!" called a fisherman, from boat number two. "We had great luck there yesterday."

"It's the best spot on the lake!" agreed another. "You sure know how to pick 'em!"

"That's my business!" Bill responded, not without some native pride.

Put-put-putting along and swinging around the point, ready to cast his fishing parties adrift in their boats, so they could sink their anchors, Bill suddenly stared dead ahead in amazement. There, already anchored in the midst of his special fishing grounds, were Bob Hart and Cornelius Baker, in Bob's canoe!

"Hey, what's the big idea?" Bill demanded.

"You fellows didn't get up early enough!" grinned

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Bill let out the motor as he passed Bob's canoe

Bill grabbed the collar and hung on as his boat tossed about in the wild water

fisherman Baker contentedly.

"But this is *my* spot on the lake!" protested Bill. "You haven't any right—"

"See here, young man!" retorted the important Mr. Baker. "Do you own this lake?"

The members of Bill's fishing parties glared their indignation at this poacher on their special preserves.

"You're a fine sportsman, you are!" one of them shouted.

"What about it, Bob? Why don't *you* say something?" demanded Bill. "I've never trespassed on *your* fishing grounds!"

Bob looked none too happy but his answer was defiant. "Mr. Baker is entitled to fish where he *wants* to fish! *He* picked this spot!"

"You bet I did!" supported Mr. Baker. "And I intend to stay here, too! It's a case of first come, first served."

"We'll remember that!" shouted one of Bill's party. "We'll be out here tomorrow before dawn!"

"That's fine!" laughed Mr. Baker. "Guess I'll have to anchor out here all night. This must be a great spot to fish with all the fuss you're putting up. I hope you haven't scared the fish away, yelling at me like this! Too bad, gentlemen, but you're out of luck today!"

"*They're* not out of luck!" defended Bill. "I know some other good fishing holes, if *your* guide *doesn't!* Come on, men, I'll tow you over here inside the point!"

A grumbling group of fishermen, mumbling dire threats in the direction of a self-satisfied Mr. Baker, anchored their boats at the new locations that Bill indicated. They were in positions nearer the shore, still in the shadows cast by a high ridge, free from the glare of the early morning sun. A low, sultry haze of clouds banked the western horizon.

"Don't know how good a day this'll be for fishing," said Bill. "Be a lot better if it would cloud over. I'll keep a watch out on you and if you're not having any luck in a couple hours, I'll pick you up and tow you to another part of the lake!"

As he swung around and started back toward the boathouse, he couldn't resist the temptation to run in close to Bob.

"Hey! What you trying to do—spoil our fishing?" shouted Mr. Baker. "Keep away from our canoe!"

"After this," Bill flung back. "You keep away from our fishing grounds!"

"Sorehead!" called Bob.

"Okay, Bob!" rejoined Bill, hotly. "I won't forget this!"

There was work to be done ashore. Several orders had come in for some of Bill's specially made spinners with the shiny spoons that enticed the black bass to get hooked. At his workbench in the boathouse, time passed quickly. But he was still so peeved over his run-in with Bob that his fingers had become thumbs.

"Imagine his pulling a stunt like that on *me!*" fumed Bill. "I'll get even with him somehow!"

A cluster of hooks jabbed his hand, provoking him to warm the already hot air. There didn't seem to be the slightest breeze stirring. Today was certainly a scorcher. Hello—what was that rumble? Sounded like thunder!

Bill dropped his knife and dashed outdoors. The sky was overcast. Angry clouds were boiling up from the west, yellow along the edges, black and ominous down along the horizon. A flash of lightning streaked across the sky.

"Wow, I'll have to get out there and pick up my fishermen in a hurry!" said Bill. "They're probably wondering what's become of me!"

THE first gust of wind swept the lake as Bill pushed his outboard motor boat from the dock and started for the point. The fishing parties, including Bob and his Mr. Baker, had shifted positions so that all were now visible from the landing. Bill waved, motioning for them to get ready to come in. But, as he neared them, he saw that all had their lines out. The fish were obviously biting. Mr. Baker's pole was bending and Bob was leaning from the canoe, net in hand. As Bill watched, a big bass flopped into view. He could see Mr. Baker shout out in glee as he held the fish up for others to glimpse. The wealthy oil man was having the time of his life.

"Come on—reel in your lines! Pull up anchor!" called Bill, when within hearing distance, as he throttled down his motor.

"Aw, we're just commencing to get real strikes!" objected the number one boat. "That Baker guy has been getting all the luck up to now!"

"Yeah—we're not ready to go in yet!" said boat number two. "That storm's going around anyhow!"

Bill looked over his shoulder at the threatening sky. The wind was blowing off the point, increasing in intensity. Black clouds now looked pretty solid, with the yellow edges widening.

"She doesn't act like she's going around to me!" said Bill. "This is a mighty rough lake in a storm. Give me your tow lines, we haven't much more than time to make the boathouse now!"

Reluctantly, under Bill's insistence, the fishing parties prepared to go ashore. Three of them pulled in catches of black bass weighing over four pounds each and moaned at having to give up with the fish biting like mad.

"Look at that fellow Baker—he's sticking out here!" they pointed.

Bill, with his three fishing boats in tow, glanced in Bob's direction. The canoe was riding up and down on waves that were rising all over the lake, straining at its anchor, but Mr. Baker, unmindful of the approaching storm, was busy (*To page 39*)

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The GREAT HECKLE HANDICAP

by B. J. Chute

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

The cat proceeded to wind herself around his legs

Calm, Cool and Collected, that was "Woody"

"WOODY" WOODWORTH sat on a bench in the Park Tennis Club locker room, and growled gently to himself. Around him, life went on as usual. Bill Davis wound endless yards of adhesive tape around the grip of his racket, and hummed *Swanee River* contentedly but out of tune. "Ace" Miller juggled four tennis balls at once, with an expression of profound concentration on his face and a towel wrapped around his head. Jimmy Logan struggled in quiet desperation with the lever on his racket press, muttering at sardonic intervals, "No screws, no nuts, no bolts. Nothing to get out of order. Ha."

One of Woody's growls suddenly expanded into a roar, causing Ace to miss a catch so that one of the balls caught him squarely on the nose.

"Confound you, Woody," said Ace, rubbing the injured member bitterly. "I was just getting good. What's the trouble with you anyhow, pest?" he added, gazing at Woody in severe disapproval.

"Sorry, sorry," Woody murmured meekly. "I just feel mad."

"*You* feel mad?" said Ace coldly, getting down on all fours to retrieve a ball that had rolled under the bench, and bumping his head on the way up. "Ouch! How do you think *I* feel?"

"Mad," said Woody obligingly, "but not half as mad as I feel. I could eat a peck of nails."

"Would a thumbtack do?" Jimmy offered, producing one from a pocket with his usual helpfulness. "I've got a pocketful of 'em, if you're really hungry."

"I suppose you'd call that being tactful," Woody murmured, and dodged the racket that Jimmy swung at his head. "The reason I'm mad," he went on, "—not that anyone asks me—is because I should have won that match with Pierson this morning."

"You certainly should've," Ace agreed grimly. "When I think of all the balls I've served to your backhand for the last week, I could—"

"Can I help it," said Woody plaintively, "if my nerves are all to pieces? Is it my fault that every time I'm going to serve, someone in the crowd lets out a yell or sneezes or something? Did I *ask* that motorcycle to go shooting by the courts, just as we got to set point? Did I?"

"Don't glare at *me*," Jimmy protested. "It wasn't my motorcycle. Besides, it didn't seem to have any effect on Pierson."

"Yah!" said Woody inadequately, and sank back on the bench with a dejected sigh. "I have a return match with him, but a lot of good that does."

"The trouble with you, Woody," Ace told him kindly, "is that you're too nervous. What you ought to do is to cultivate a poker face and a lot of will power, then you wouldn't let little external trifles bother you."

"Little external trifles," said Woody, breathing hard. "He calls a motorcycle a little external trifle!"

"Certainly," said Ace promptly. "For instance, 'I was arrested yesterday by a little-external-trifle cop.' Anyhow, it's beside the point. The point is that you've got to cultivate poise. Look at Bill."

ALL turned their attention to Bill, who, in spite of the argument raging about him, was still placidly winding adhesive tape and still humming *Swanee River* out of tune.

"He doesn't let himself be bothered by little things like motorcycles," Ace insisted brightly. "Why, the day he played the finals in the Cup Tournament, they were taking up the road by the courts and there was one of those pneumatic drills going all the time. But did Bill turn a hair? Not William. Did you, Bill?"

Bill swam gently up out of his daydream, looked affectionately at the adhesive tape on his racket, then with equal affection at Ace. "Huh?" said Bill.

"I heard a very sad story about a pneumatic drill

In the middle of the next rally pandemonium broke loose

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once," Jimmy volunteered. "They left it out in the rain and it got pneumonia, poor thing."

Ace ignored him pointedly. "I'll bet Bill could play before the King and Queen at Wimbledon," he said, "and it wouldn't bother him at all. That's the attitude you want to develop, Woody."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Woody irritably, "that you think Bill wouldn't be upset if everything started getting on his nerves like it did with me this morning? It wasn't only the motorcycle and the crowd—it was things like aeroplanes buzzing around overhead, and—and—and— Well, anyhow, my shoes squeaked too. And anyhow," he finished belligerently, "I can't help it if I'm highstrung, and besides I don't believe Bill would be any better'n I was, under the same circumstances."

"I'll bet you," said Ace, "that you couldn't ruffle Bill with every trick in the book. I'll bet if you played a match with him, with the understanding you could do anything you wanted to unsettle him, he'd still win."

"Bet he wouldn't!" Woody said, pouncing gleefully on the idea. "Mean to say I could heckle him as much as I wanted to?"

"To your heart's content, my pal," said Ace generously, risking Bill's reputation with a clear conscience.

"It's a go," Woody agreed enthusiastically. "How about tomorrow at ten o'clock?"

"Fine," said Ace, then as an afterthought turned again to Bill. "You're playing a match with Woody tomorrow," he informed him kindly, "and the rules are that Woody can heckle you all he wants to. You don't mind, do you?"

BILL smoothed down the last bit of tape and regarded the finished product proudly. "Woody can what?" he asked absently.

"Heckle you," said Ace. "You know—heckle. As in heckleberry pie."

"Oh," said Bill chattily. "Okay."

The morning of the Great Heckle Handicap dawned sunny and warm, and at ten o'clock Woody presented himself at the Park tennis courts, his racket under his arm and anticipation on his face. Bill was already there, unscientifically training on a bag of popcorn and making gentle crooning noises to his racket.

"All ready?" said Ace and Jimmy in cheerful unison. "We thought it should be a three-set match. Okay?"

"Lovely," Woody beamed. "I brought some—assistants." He gestured toward a group of noisy small boys, ranging in ages from six to ten, each armed with a curious collection of miscellaneous items. "Stagehands," said Woody brightly. "Shall we get going?"

This last being addressed to Bill, Bill was moved to make a speech. "Yep," he said.

THEY tossed for choice, and Bill won, electing to serve. Woody, an expression on his face like a Cheshire cat caught in a bowl of cream, took up his position in the opposite court. Jimmy and Ace acted as officials, and the small boys stationed themselves along the sidelines.

"Play ball!" said Ace, with a fine official effect, and Bill wound himself up into his extravagant and deceptive imitation of an egg-beater. Racket and ball connected with a sharp ping, and the ball burned across the net and into the opposite court.

Woody, caught flatfooted, managed to drop it over in a slow, feeble arc, which opened up the way for an easy kill as Bill ran forward to smash it across.

"Fifteen-love," said Ace kindly.

Woody strolled back into place, not in the least perturbed, and winked in passing at one of the small boys, who nodded back knowingly. Bill wound up again.

This time, in perfect rhythm with the upward swish of his racket, four alarm clocks went off with a whirr and a clatter. Ace and Jimmy jumped into the air like startled gazelles. Woody grinned piously, then leaped into sudden frenzied activity, as the ball cut the corner of the left service court—the result of a perfect and quite unruffled serve.

Woody, by a combination of speed and violent gymnastics, managed to return the ball, and Bill smacked it right back at him. Woody lobbed, and Bill ran back to take it on his forehand, poised for a smashing return.

At this juncture, the oldest of the small boys produced a battered saxophone and, putting it to his lips, blew a loud and triumphant blast. The result was something like a cat being stepped on, and something like a squeaky pencil on a slate, with undertones of a calliope and a steam whistle.

The smashing return smashed right at Woody's feet, and his frantic stab at the ball missed fire.

"Thirty-love," said Ace, with deep, but unconvincing, sympathy.

During the next point, nothing untoward occurred as the small boys were busily engaged in setting out a row of large firecrackers behind Bill's base line. Woody took the point, after a long rally, by a brilliant drive deep into the back court, which Bill failed to reach.

"Thirty-fifteen," Ace said disapprovingly.

It was not until the middle of the next rally that the firecrackers started going off in loud and erratic explosions. Jimmy and Ace, in spite of being forewarned, jumped nervously. Bill zipped over a beautiful serve in the most casual manner possible, and Woody returned it with a forehand drive that cut down the center line and flattened out like a pancake.

"Nice one," said Bill, breaking his silence. "Thirty-up."

He took the next two points and the game on clean, snappy returns, completely unaffected by the fact that the smallest boy was now leading a cheering section in raucous "rah! rah's" that would have put a college student body to shame.

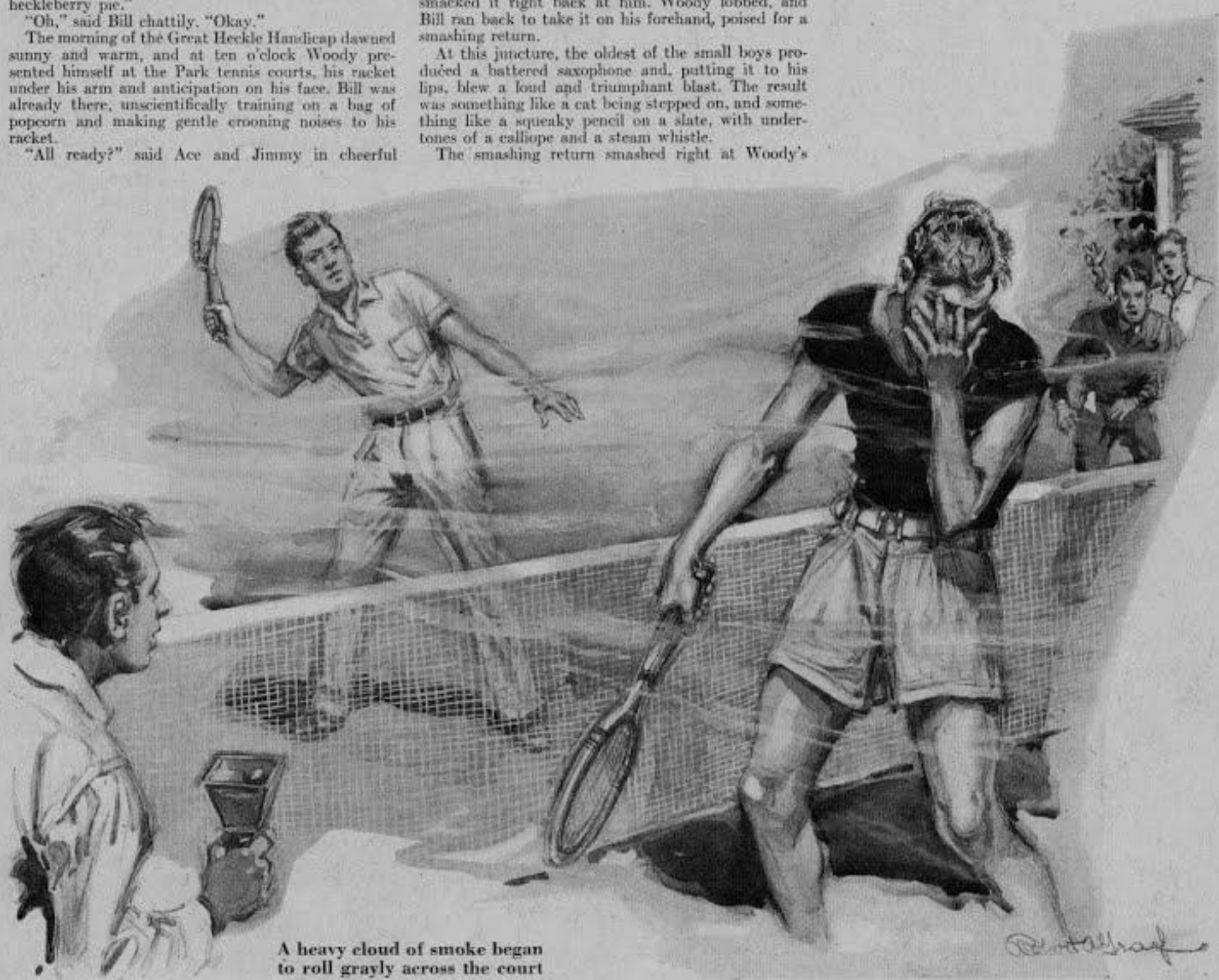
"WHAT'D I tell you?" said Ace triumphantly, as Woody walked back to his own base line to serve. "You couldn't upset that fellow with an explosion of dynamite."

"You wait," Woody told him darkly. "Remember, there's no holds barred in this match."

The next and rather ingenious hold proved to be a large and affectionate white cat, who, immediately upon being placed in Bill's court, proceeded to wind herself lovingly around his legs.

"Mrrr-ow," said the cat tenderly, sheathing long claws in Bill's socks and gazing up into his face with approval.

"Hello, cat," Bill said, moving to (To page 30)



A heavy cloud of smoke began to roll grayly across the court

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BLACK RAIN

by Merritt P. Allen

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE ROZEN

PART TWO

AS JACK expected, the major was furious when told about the preceding night's adventure.

"It is only by the mercy of Providence you two young fools weren't scalped," he cried. "How did you get out of the fort and back?"

But the boy would not tell him.

"Jack," Gladwyn gave him a long look, "I don't like your attitude. You are taking unfair advantage of our relationship. You expect special favors because you are my brother. That is not being square to the other men."

Jack flushed. "Honestly, Harry," he confessed, "I never thought of it that way before."

"But you do now, and don't you ever forget it." The major spoke slowly. "As long as I am your superior in rank you obey my orders exactly as the others do. Violate those orders and you pay the penalty. You are going to stand on your own feet and not hide behind me."

"That is a trade, Harry," the boy agreed, "but it works both ways. You are not to spare me from danger because I am your brother."

"Don't worry about a king's officer neglecting his duty."

"The words 'king's officer' don't mean so much in this country. It is the man that counts."

"My word! You will be openly defiant of the king himself next."

"That may be." Jack was not abashed. "There are a lot of us who think he meddles too much with our business."

"You infernal insolent Colonials!" Gladwyn's cheeks reddened. "Is there something in American air that makes you that way?"

"It stimulates the imagination." Jack grinned good naturedly. "That is why we are able to picture a country so big that a mere king would be lost to sight in it."

"Something new under the sun, eh?"

"Why not? This is the New World, Harry."

"Bosh! You little rooster!"

The argument was cut short by a musket shot on the wall. A drum began beating excitedly, there was a quick stir in every direction, then a fountain of quavering yells, the Indian war whoop, shot into the air and fell upon the town.

"They're coming, Harry!" Jack shouted to an empty room, for his brother was already through the door.

The boy followed, snatching up his rifle and slinging his cartridge box over his shoulder as he went down the stairs. Detroit was ready and there was no confusion. In the streets people were running to their posts. Red-coated soldiers were spreading along the firing-step like flame. Civilians, including many women, carrying axes, ladders and buckets of water, were taking up positions previously assigned them by Sterling, who was in charge of the important work of fighting the fires that might be started by flaming arrows sent over the walls.

Begin the Story Here

CHIEF PONTIAC, courageous and cunning Indian prophet and statesman of pre-Revolutionary days, is uniting the Indian Nations of the Great Lakes territory against the British.

Jack Gladwyn, newly arrived from Albany to join his brother, the commander of the British Fort at Detroit, is drawn to Joe LeBlanc, stepson of an English Trader, when the two escape death by the knife of Fish Hawk, half-breed Ottawa, who savagely killed Jack's dog.

Pontiac and his 59 chiefs are discovered entering the Fort on a "peace mission" carrying concealed weapons. Enraged, they return to their camps for a war council. When the drums begin beating, Jack and Joe steal out of the Fort, worm their way within ear shot of the allied tribes' pow-wow. There they hear Chief Pontiac interpreting the Great Spirit's will that the English must die.

Musket fire was breaking out on three sides. Jack ran up the steps to the nearest bastion, which trembled under his feet as the cannon opened up. Lieutenant Hay was in command of the guns, his round face pinker than ever. He grinned at the boy and nodded toward a loophole.

Jack looked through it and got his first sight of the enemy in action. They were coming out of the woods, confining themselves to land because they dared not risk their canoes within range of the schooners. Hundreds of Indians were crawling toward the fort. True to their nature, there was no coordination among them. Those on the west had reached the edge of the clearing and were lying behind a fringe of bushes, whooping madly and sending in a rain of random shots. The troops were answering steadily but without wasting powder. Scattered along the line were a few traders and trappers, grand shots, whose rifles cracked viciously above the roar of the muskets. More than one savage had raised his head above a bush for the last time and the others were hugging cover.

The wind was south and on that side the Indians were trying fire arrows. Two cannon and forty muskets, together with the guns from one of the ships, held the main body in the forest, but a few warriors managed to worm within range and as each flaming arc sailed over the palisade a yell went up from the red ranks. But there was no smoke in the town.

The race took on a vital aspect, for the Iroquois would not run the gantlet unless he carried a message of weight

Jack saw little of what was going on except in front of him. That was enough. A long uneven line of Indians burst from a brush fench and started across the clearing. Major Gladwyn was in command of the wall opposite them and at a word from him the firing stopped from one bastion to the other. There was a clatter of ramrods as the men reloaded. The warriors came on, taking advantage of every bit of cover, crouching, leaping, whooping. Their bodies shone as they twisted in air, for they were greased from head to foot in preparation for hand-to-hand fighting. Some carried burning torches of pitchpine to fire the palisades. There was a tense silence among the soldiers, who rested their muskets on the logs, their heads low as they sighted. They knew the best range to within a yard and as the Indians crossed that imaginary line Gladwyn snapped, "Fire!"

Flame leaped from corner to corner of the wall, fifty red tongues between jagged wooden teeth. The savage line broke in as many places as it had units. Warriors pitched headlong, reeled backward, leaped high. Jack thought he got one; at least the one he aimed at went down. Those who were not hit came forward in a rush, with no attempt at order. In their excitement many dropped their muskets and turned instinctively to the more familiar knives and tomahawks.

THE whole clearing was alive with leaping, yelling Indians, each a veritable force of destruction if ever he got near enough to come to grips. But that was denied them. Another volley knocked them galley-west. They could stand no more. In half a minute they were back behind the brush fence and had dragged their dead and wounded with them. It was characteristic Indian warfare, a wild onslaught, failing in which they retreated to safety and howled like wolves held at bay by a campfire.

Having been assigned no definite post, Jack was free to move about. He went along the firing step and found everyone in high spirits for it was the first action they had seen in a long time and it stimulated them like wine. The fact that they were surrounded by heavily superior numbers did not worry them at the moment. They were sure of themselves and only asked to get at the enemy in a real battle.

"If the Major would let us out we'd run 'em into the lake," Joe bragged, when the boys met on the

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west wall for an exchange of excited comments.

He echoed the thoughts of many, but Gladwyn was of a different mind. Behind walls one white man could handle a dozen Indians, and behind walls he was going to stay for a while. No one questioned his courage, nor would it have changed his plans if they had, for he knew he was right.

THE Indians hung around for a while shooting and yelling, but they finally gave it up for the time being. By afternoon it was so quiet that bird songs drifted through the soft air from the woods. Jack sat in Sterling's storehouse, for it was easy to get acquainted with the trader who met youngsters on his own level. Joe worshipped his step-father and Jack was beginning to understand why.

"How far do you go to trade with the Indians?" Jack asked him.

"Quite a ways. The last trip I'd have gone clear to New Orleans if the French hadn't drove me back."

"Of course they are hostile since the war started," Jack said.

"And that was two hundred years ago." Sterling sat down on a bale of goods. "It don't make any dif'rence what the bigwigs acrost the water say, there's been a stiddy war here since the first Englishman and the first Frenchman went after the same beaver pelt. Hello, boy!" He nodded to Joe, who entered, turned a handspring and landed on his back on a pile of blankets.

"But when we win this war we will have all the fur trade," Jack said.

"It won't make any dif'rence to us why buys our fur," Joe remarked. "Or maybe it will to you for you're going back to England to live."

"I don't think so," Jack told him. "You see, I was born here so I am an American."

"Not a Britisher?" Joe sat up.

"Yes—but still—" Jack picked at the rope on a bale. "Lots of people who were born here feel the same way. We like this country and we want to stay here. We think it is going to be big, a lot more important than just a source of fur."

Sterling reached over and laid a hand on Jack's knee. "Boy," he said earnestly, "you've got your teeth into a vision. This is going to be a great country. The time is coming when men and nations won't think of fur."

"What the heck will they think of?" Joe asked incredulously, for to him fur was king.

"Land." Sterling gestured toward the west. "Out yonder I've seen millions of acres of rich land waiting to be claimed. And I've talked with Injuns who say there're millions more no white (*To page 36*)

Musket fire was breaking out on three sides

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ACT!

THIS is a story of courage and a brother's devotion. But it involves something else of great importance. It happened last year in a town in Northern Iowa. A group of youngsters had gone down to a railroad bridge to watch the Rock Island Rocket, a new streamline train, go past. Among them was a Boy Scout, Lyman, and his little sister. They watched the giant go thundering by and started for home. Unwisely the children decided to cross the trestle. Just as the group reached the middle somebody called "Here comes another Rocket!" Sure enough, another express was tearing along in the opposite direction. All of the children made a dash across the bridge and reached safety at the other end except one.

When the Scout looked around he saw his little sister paralyzed with fear in the middle of the trestle, unable to move. All she could do was to throw up her hands as she watched the monster rushing down upon her. Scout Lyman acted. He dashed back to where she stood and caught his sister by the neck. No time to run for safety. No place to go for refuge. He pushed her down to the edge of the bridge and threw himself down beside her, holding her tight to the bridge, his feet hanging into space. The red and silver catapult actually rushed over the two children as they lay there.

When the engineer stoppd the train and the crew ran back they found the Scout holding his frightened sister, both safe and uninjured.

Happily, there are thousands of 12-year-old boys who would risk their lives to save a sister, just as Lyman did. Yes, but this Scout showed something more than courage and devotion. He showed what we call initiative. There was no one to tell him what to do. There was no chance to study how to meet the emergency. He had to act, act with terrific speed and on his own responsibility. Initiative is the ability to act without being told what to do.

The boy who sits around and waits for somebody to give him directions, the boy who does only what he is told to do and nothing more—don't you know him? He doesn't get on very fast in his school work, and he is not going to get on very fast in his later life. Our business and our professions are crowded with men who do only what they are told to do. You cannot reach your goal by following someone else's footsteps.

Why not start now to develop initiative? Begin in your own home. In every home there are many chores to do, and many things that need to be repaired, that an active boy can handle. Don't wait until some one tells you. Act now! How about your Sunday School, your community, camp, playground or your Scout Troop? Is there not some worthwhile way in which you can be of use? Our records show that even boys of Scout age do initiate and accomplish very worthwhile things for their community.

Read, study, equip yourself mentally and physically. It would not be possible for a boy to prepare himself for every kind of situation. Still, if he has a trained mind and body, he has a basis for confidence.

The world needs men and boys who are not afraid to act. Don't worry if you make a few mistakes. Everyone makes mistakes. But do show initiative. Do stand on your own feet like a man. Act!

James E. West
CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE AND EDITOR OF BOYS' LIFE

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. —*Carlyle*

What one has, one ought to use: and what ever he does he should do with all his might. —*Cicero*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. —*Ecclesiastes. IX*

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting, where,
And when, and how thy busines may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes still goeth on.
—*Herbert*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God O'erhead.
—*Longfellow*

It is better to wear out than to rust out.
—*Bishop Cumberland*

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A PAGE BY DAN BEARD

National-Scout-Commissioner

How to Make and Fly the American Eagle

DICTATORSHIP is not a new thing; like every other thought that the totalitarians have, it is very, very old, so old that the gray hair of its head drags on the ground, so old that the fascists trip on the tip of its long gray beard. Why, when I was a boy, and you know that was an awfully long time ago, we used to have a fascist poem we recited on Fridays when we had to make our speeches in elocution class. It is out of date now, the Boy Scouts idea has put it in the background. You probably know it as

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

The poem goes on to tell what a heroic fool this boy was. He would not leave his post because his father ordered him to stay there, and he did not think it necessary to investigate and discover what was the matter with his dad and why he did not answer when he cried, "Speak, Father, if I may yet be gone."

Why, even one of our Cubs would have guessed something was seriously wrong with his daddy and he would have found out the cause of his father's silence. Had this happened, the lad would have discovered that his father was dead. But shucks! That would not make any difference to a fascist boy. He was ordered to *stay there*, and even if his father were dead, that was not up to him. He would stay! and he did until the ship was blown to pieces—and the boy? "Oh where was he? Ask the winds that far around with fragments strew the sea." But, being a fascist, all he could have said was, "I do not think; I obey." Consequently he was blown to pieces like a Fourth of July firecracker.

We in America thoughtfully obey all duly constituted authority, but we would not obey a crazy order to jump from the roof of the Empire State Building without a parachute. We obey the traffic officer because we know that he is giving sensible orders.

The Declaration of Independence that we celebrated last month made individualists of us all. It was an individual that produced the first flying machine; it was an individual that invented the submarine. It was an individual who invented the telegraph; it was individuals who produced the sewing machine, the electric light, and the talking machine.

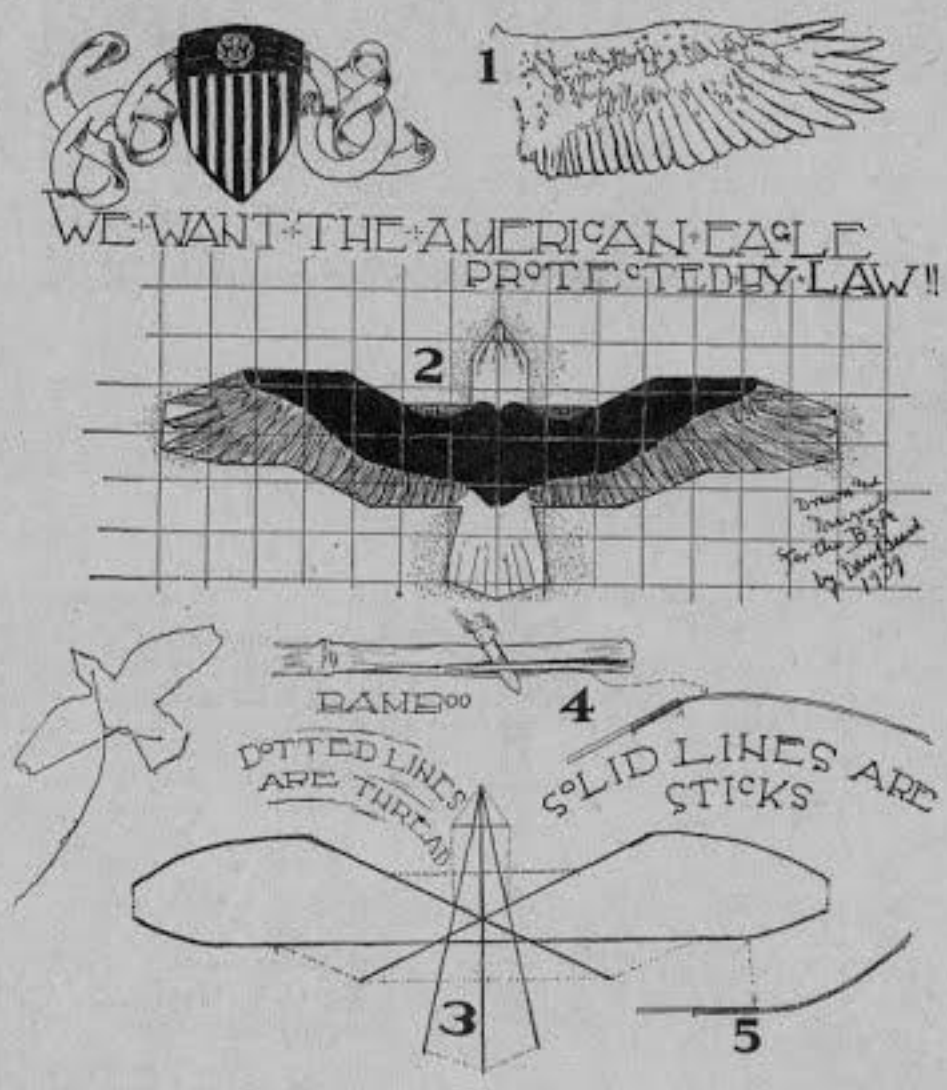
AT THE annual Father's and Son's dinner of Troop 1, Flushing, I sat next to Major Allan Smith, Military Instructor of the World's Fair police, who said that the whole public badly needs training. The school children and the teacners above all are in sad want of it. The teachers walk ahead of the children, leaving an open space of fifty or more feet, thus inviting accident. The trouble is they have not Scout training. The fiery Major has little criticism of the Scouts.

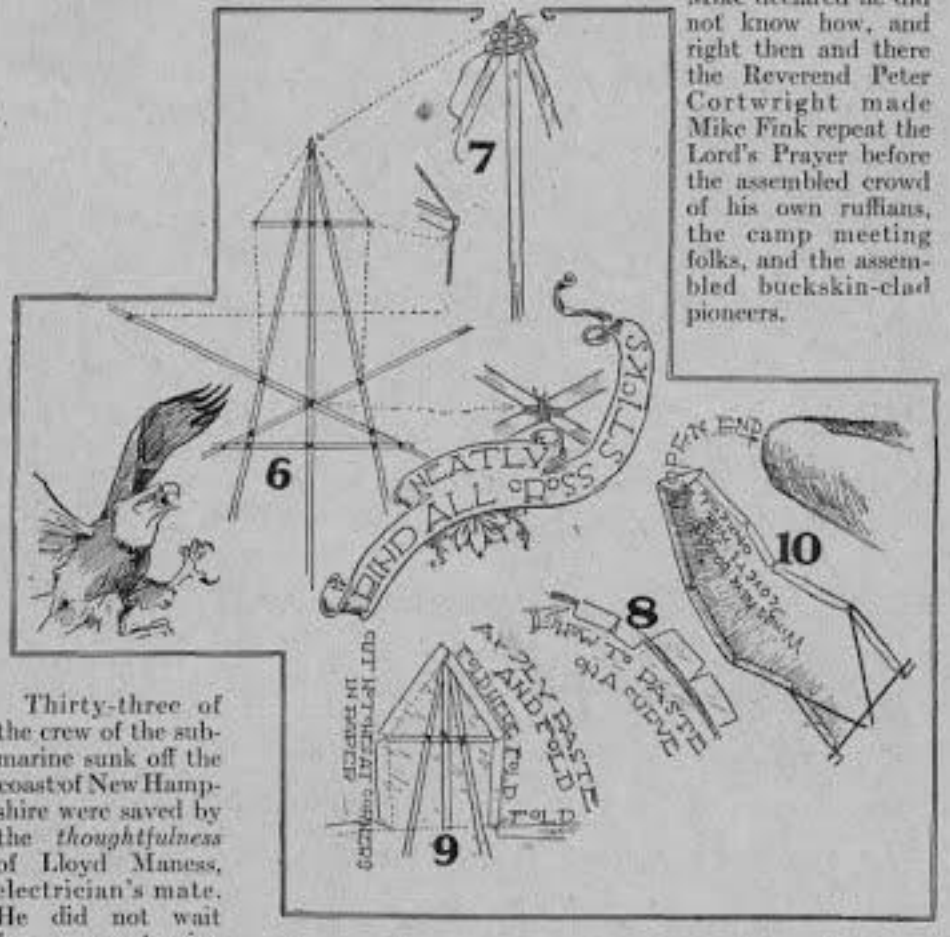
We Boy Scouts obey all duly constituted authority, but we do it understandingly and it is as individuals that we build our own campfires, erect our own tents, build our own shacks, shelters and shanties. When I met the Scout Commissioner of Finland and the representatives from Norway and Sweden, along with the fiery, interesting trade unionist from London, I was deeply impressed with the truth that Europe is decidedly not America! They do not think as we think; they do not act as we act; neither are they governed by the same traditions.

YES, boys, we Americans are INDIVIDUALS. We do not act like a herd of sheep or the inhabitants of an anthill, and that is the reason we are going to make our own kites according to our own style of thought and design. According to an aeronautic magazine, it was your National Scout Commissioner who published the first plans for a type of tailless kite. The tailless kite was the forerunner of the flying machine. When instantaneous photography was discovered, it was your National Scout Commissioner who placed on Page 653 of the "American Boys' Handy Book" in 1882, a method of using these photographs so as to make the picture horses really trot. On this principle, boys, motion pictures were made to move. Writing of my moving picture, I said, "The instantaneous photographs taken by Muybridge open a new field of investigation." And did it? Hollywood is the answer!

It is you Boy Scouts who will be the first to fly real Eagle Kites at camp this summer and start a new fad.

I have often told about Mike Fink, the lawless keelboatman who interrupted the prayer meeting of that two-fisted Methodist, Peter Cortwright, and how Peter Cortwright said he would make the devil pray. Thereupon he thrashed Mike Fink, threw him down, and with his doubled fist over the bully's face, ordered him to pray. Mike declared he did not know how, and right then and there the Reverend Peter Cortwright made Mike Fink repeat the Lord's Prayer before the assembled crowd of his own ruffians, the camp meeting folks, and the assembled buckskin-clad pioneers.





USE spruce, ash, cedar, or white pine for framework (Figs. 3, 6 and 7). Sticks must be light but strong. Bind all joints neatly with thread (Figs. 6 and 7). Stretch the paper tightly on the body of the bird (Figs. 2 and 9), notching it at the corners and pasting it as it is turned over (Figs. 8 and 9). The cover of the wings should be loose (Fig. 10) and open at the tip of the wings to spill the wind out (Fig. 10).

Figure 1 is the wing of an eagle drawn from nature.

Figure 2 shows the pattern of the bird. Head and tail are white, and the rest is brown and black. This is divided up in squares so that it may be enlarged to any size by making the squares of the size desired and then sketching it in according to Fig. 2.

Figure 3 shows the framework of the kite. The heavy lines are the sticks. The dotted lines are the threads or strings. Fig. 4 shows how to split a piece of elastic bamboo to bind on to the wing bones for the curves, as Fig. 5.

Thirty-three of the crew of the submarine sunk off the coastof New Hampshire were saved by the *thoughtfulness* of Lloyd Maness, electrician's mate. He did not wait for someone to give him orders: he used his head. It was resourcefulness which made it possible to rescue the thirty-three heroic tars imprisoned two hundred and forty feet below the surface of the ocean. They were heroes, but not foolish ones.

THE divers who, as I write, are still risking their lives in a temperature five degrees below zero, working under unbelievable pressure and facing countless hazards, know what they are doing, and are proud of their profession. But, blame it, if they did not use their brains as *individuals*, none of them would come up alive.

Some rebellious souls today claim that they don't believe in prayer. That is because they do not understand what a prayer is. Whatever they are working for and whatever they are striving to do is a prayer. Our organization is working tooth and nail for the coming men of the United States. That means that all of us are seriously praying for them, and the boys themselves are uttering a solemn prayer when they take the Scout Oath. Then they are truly asking the Great Divine Mystery to give them a healthy body, a clear mind, and a clean heart. Repeat this oath again, now.

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THE SCOUT WORLD

Edited by **James E. West,** *Chief Scout Executive*

ACORN AWARDS: President Walter W. Head (second from left) presents Acorn Award to those responsible for starting new Troops, at the State Capitol building at the annual meeting of the Capitol Area Council at Austin, Texas.

HERE'S HOW: At the Scout-o-Rama of the Monmouth-Ocean Council, held in Convention Hall, Asbury Park, N. J., these Scouts showed how to rescue a person unconscious after contact with fallen live wires.

GETS DEGREE: He's Dr. Paul Siple now. Paul Siple, who represented the Boy Scouts of America on both Byrd Antarctic Expeditions received his degree this year from Clark University.

SCOUT FLOAT: Thousands watched the "America's Answer" Parade of 3,000 Boy Scouts through Shreveport, La., streets. Scouts Harry Truly, James Ingram, George Stott, Harold Katz and Miss Eileen Nayard manned this float

WOOD WORKERS: Scouts of Troop 4 had a lot of fun manning their wood working booth at the Atlantic City, N. J., Merit Badge Show in Convention Hall where they made several small articles of furniture before the eyes of interested onlookers.

CAMPOREE CAMPFIRE: This year's Camporee of the Brooklyn, N. Y. Council drew 842 Scouts from 92 Troops to Miller Field, Staten Island, N. Y., where the evening campfire with its songs, skits and stories provided glowing experiences.

BROTHERS GALORE: Troop 10, Los Angeles, Calif., which produced more than 90 Eagle Scouts in its 23 years, has fifteen sets of brothers in its ranks, thirteen of whom are seen with J. E. Hampton, Silver Beaver Award Scoutmaster.

ANTICIPATE ADVENTURES: Meet the crew of the Sea Scout Ship Saucy, first Sea Scout Unit sponsored by the Salvation Army in Chicago, seen with Adjutant Asay J. Adams, head resident of the Chicago Settlement.

ENVIABLE RECORD: Eagle Scout George P. Bassett, Jr., Winter Haven, Fla., hasn't missed a Troop meeting in over five and a half years.

SMILING AMBASSADORS: This happy group of Scouts of Troop 43, Brownwood, Texas, sponsored by the Rotary Club and led by Scoutmaster H. H. Gilliam, put on the "History of Scouting" before three civic clubs, two Parent-Teachers Associations and two school audiences recently.

ROYAL PRESENTATION: When Crown Prince Olav, of Norway, touring the United States with Crown Princess Martha, stopped at Decorah, Iowa, he presented Eagle Scout Badges and Quartermaster Sea Scout Badge to Scouts of Waterloo.

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PROUD TROOP: These Scouts and Scouters of Troop 54, Houston, Texas, sponsored by the Second Baptist Church, are proud that the Troop has won the Ten Year Program Awards for the past four years.

TREE PLANTERS: Senior Scouts at Schenectady, N. Y., planted 5,000 trees this Spring, making a total of 80,000 trees the number planted by Scouts of that Council during the last six years. This is typical of a great many similar projects developed in other Councils.

TROPHY WINNER: Honored as the outstanding amateur radio operator of 1938, Wilson E. Burgess, 29, of Westerly, R. I., a former Star Scout, receives from William S. Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, its annual award.

BUILD FOREST: Paying their respects to Anton H. Classen, pioneer Oklahoman and tree lover, 2,000 Scouts and Cubs of Oklahoma City, Okla., planted 2,000 elm trees at Will Rogers Park where a Scout and Cub are seen sitting on marble marker commemorating "A forest built in a day."

CITIZENSHIP LESSON: Believing all citizens should be familiar with their privileges as Americans, Boy Scouts of Williamsport, Pa., called at homes throughout the city and delivered copies of the Bill of Rights.

SEE AMERICA: First group to use camping facilities at Camp Dimond at Oakland, Calif., available for touring Scouts are members of Troop 123, Tularosa, New Mexico, welcomed to the camp by Associate Camp Director John Ackerman.

SPECIAL EDITION: One day each year an edition of the Nassau Daily Review-Star at Rockville Centre, N. Y., is edited by members of the Nassau County Boy Scout Press Club. At work are Albert Cullen, Pierre Loiseau, and Alexander Roecker.

HELPS RADIO TEAM: Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, former Scouts, now on the radio as "Lum and Abner" try their hand at making fire by bow and drill with Eagle Scout John Ross of Troop 121, Los Angeles, Calif.

SCOUTING FAMILY: Council Commissioner William R. Bowes of Bristol, Conn., receives his Silver Beaver Award at the same time his sons, Henry and William, Jr., receive Eagle Badges. Their mother is a enthusiastic booster.

COLLEGE TROOP: Troop 40 sponsored by the Appalachian State Teacher College at Boone, N. C., consists of college students whose Scoutmaster is Prof. Eugene E. Garbee, seen inspecting a knot board of one of the Scouts.

NAUTICAL SIGHTSEERS: Nearly 500 New England Sea Scouts spent an interesting day at New London, Conn. Here a group are looking at buoys at the lighthouse service base. They visited the submarine base and old Fort Trumbull.

SETTING UP: Arriving at their site of the Queens Council, New York City, annual camporee held at Bayside, L. I., N. Y., this Patrol of Troop 38 unloads their equipment. This year's Camporee saw 1,352 Scout campers from 119 Troops.

ON THE JOB: When a fire broke out in a restaurant at the New York World's Fair, these Scouts, living at the Fair's Scout Service Camp, were promptly on the job with fire hose, even before the arrival of the fire department.

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SCOUTS AND THE ROYAL VISIT

ROYAL HONOR GUARD: Sharing the honors with the Girl Scouts, 30 Boy Scouts camping at the New York World's Fair Scout Service Camp, saluted King George and Queen Elizabeth as they left the Federal Building where they had luncheon during their visit to the World's Fair.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

May it Please

Your Majesties

The Boy Scouts of America with its membership of 1,289,746 boys and leaders extend to

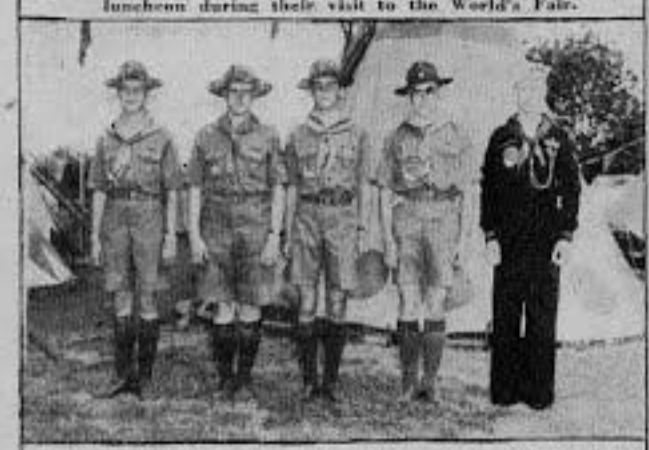
YOUR MAJESTY-KING GEORGE VI

and to

YOUR MAJESTY-QUEEN ELIZABETH

GREETINGS on the occasion of your visit to THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA-June 8, 1939

SCOUTING'S WELCOME: The illuminated scroll of welcome by the Boy Scouts of America, made on heavy parchment, was presented to King George as he left the White House to attend the garden party at the British Embassy at Washington, D. C.



LUCKY FIVE: To these campers at the New York World's Fair Scout Service Camp went the honor of being in the welcoming group in the British Pavilion at the Fair when it was visited by the royal couple.

BORDER CEREMONY: In the spirit of Scout brotherhood Boy Scouts of America along the U.S.-Canadian boundary took part in good-will celebrations marking the birthday of King George. On the Ambassador Bridge between Detroit, Mich. and Windsor, Ontario, American and Canadian Scouts met.

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP TREES: Marking the birthday of King George, on the Bridge at Alexandria Bay. Later the Canadian Scouts planted a George Washington black walnut tree and Canadian maple tree on American soil and the American Scouts did likewise on Canadian soil.

FLAG RAISING: At the King's birthday celebration at Trout River, N. Y., Canadian and American Commissioners hoist the colors of the two nations. Messages read were from Sir Edward W. Beatty, President of the Boy Scouts Association in Canada and from President Walter W. Head and Dr. James E. West.

AT OTTAWA WELCOME: Invited by the Ottawa Scout Association to act as a Guard of Honor when the royal visitors reached that historic city, 150 Scouts of the St. Lawrence Council, B.S.A., crossed the border and were stationed along the route of the procession.

LUNCHEON GUESTS: The thirty Girl Scouts chosen to be a Guard of honor with a like number of Boy Scouts when the King and Queen visited the New York World's Fair. The entire honor guard is seen here with Col. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, both Vice Presidents of the respective movements.

COMMEMORATE EVENT: In years to come, a living tree will symbolize the friendship of the Scouts of Canada and of the Jefferson-Lewis Council who planted it to mark King George's birthday when he visited North America, the first reigning monarch of the British Empire to do so.

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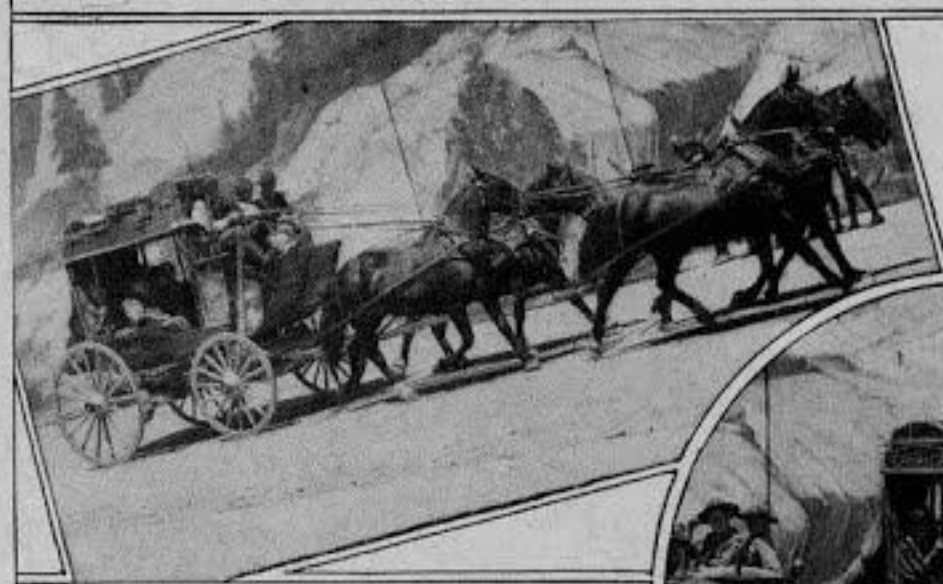
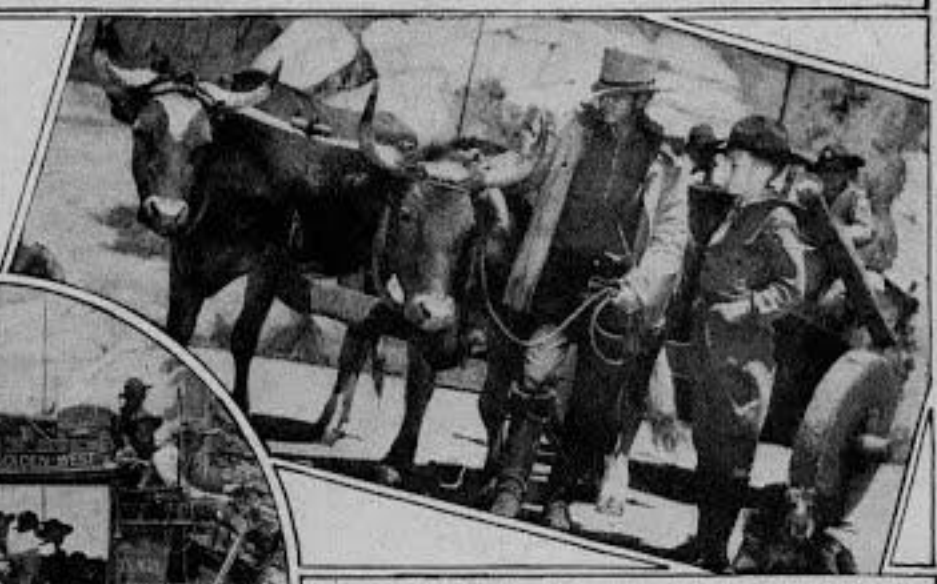
HISTORIC OCCASION: Shortly after his arrival at Washington, D. C., King George VI, a former Scout who is now Patron of Scouting throughout the British Empire, receives the Scroll of the Boy Scouts of America from Eagle Scout Fred D. Carl of Troop 15, Washington, D. C., in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. The King asked the Scout about his Merit Badges, even moving the Scout's neckerchief to see them better.

Scouts at the San Francisco Fair



The romantic days of the old wild west live again! These Scouts get the thrill of their lives in an original overland stage, just like a trip on the old Santa Fe Trail.



(Above) San Francisco Scouts get a kick out of the ox cart and stage coach.

Scouts visiting the Fair meet Leo "Rusty" Bishop (left) and his dog "Blue," who works right along with the cowboys.

Kyle Pratt, Nevada cowboy, and his horse, Black Hawk thrill the Scout visitors. This was only one of a great many spectacular features of real western life made available to the visitors.

Approximately 20,000 Boy Scouts from eleven Western states are expected to attend the Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island at San Francisco, Calif., on Boy Scout Day, August 3rd when an elaborate program will thrill them. The "Pageant of Scouting Adventure" will be held on the stage of the spectacle known as "Cavalcade of the Golden West."

Scouts get a ride on old Jupiter, a locomotive built in 1876 which is being used daily in the Cavalcade show at the Exposition.

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HIKING WITH GREEN BAR BILL

THE great days of camp are here!

So up and away, under the ringing slogans: "Every Scout a Camper" and "Every Patrol a Camping Patrol!"

My plea is this: Get to camp, and *when you get there*, CAMP!!!

Let those who will spend their camping days knitting or beadworking. I want you to *camp*. I want you to get all the benefits possible from your life in the out-of-doors.

Camping should make you stronger and healthier. *Give it the chance!* Swim and run and fight and play. Dress your body in a real coat of tan that will build hardiness and resistance.

Learn to master new camping skills. Set up a perfect camp with all the conveniences that go with it: kitchen, "dining room," shelter. Build fires and cook your meals. Be a real pioneer in the woods. Build bridges and signal towers. Study nature. Learn about birds and trees and plants. Follow trails and tracks. Hike and explore and find your way through the wilds. Get to be a *real* Scout!

And then in the evening, gather with your friends around the fire for fellowship and fun. Stare into the flames and dream—of the great tomorrow that is ahead of you, of all the things you expect to be and to do and *can* do if you set out to.

And as you return from camp, carry home with you what you have earned—health and knowledge and high ambitions, and apply them in your everyday life.

That's the way to GROW!

The Birds on Their Perches

One of the points I just mentioned was "Learn about birds." But don't stop there. When *you* have learned, teach others. Let other campers in on the secrets.

Not as easy as it sounds. Agreed! But it can be done.

Trouble with birds is that they seem especially elusive when you intend to show them off to others. As summer wanes, the birds get scarcer.

But one thing you can teach: bird observation. And that is a project that takes in handicraft and knowledge of the ways of the feathered creatures.

The idea is this: to establish a bird-teaching trail in camp, a trail on which you can take a beginner and let him discover for himself the birds in their haunts, and where you can point out at leisure the features of various birds.

No, the birds aren't real birds, but products of your hands and your artistic skill—if any.

First, make a list of the more common birds around camp. Then get hold of a bird book with good pictures. Copy some of the outlines, full-size, onto pieces of plywood. Cut out the "birds" and paint them in their natural colors—either with oil paints, or with poster colors or ordinary watercolors, subsequently covered with shellac or varnish. Drill a small hole in the belly part of each bird and attach a stiff wire to function as legs.

Pick a suitable trail and set out with your birds. Place them in appropriate spots, according to the habits of each individual specimen; some on the ground, others on low branches, still others high in the trees.

Finally, call in your friends and give them their first taste of a bird-study hike. After observing your birds and learning their features and names, your friends will find it much easier to find and identify the wilder birds of fields and woods.

Food for Reflection . . . .

For your next hike or camping trip bring along a square five-gallon oil can and a can opener. Go to your druggist for the can. He should have one he'll let you have for a few cents.

Sounds very mysterious? It really isn't. I just want you to try your hand at reflector bakery.

The job ahead of you is to turn the can into a reflector oven.

Push the can opener into a corner of the top and cut diagonally across to the opposite corner and then down the side of the can. Turn can upside down and continue diagonally across the bottom also. Now open up the can by bending back the two parts along the edge where they hang together. Cut a piece off one side for a baking sheet. Make a couple of short slits on either side of the front opening and bend back the two small tongues thus formed to hold the sheet in place. And the reflector oven is finished.

What'll We Cook?

There's hardly a thing you can't cook in a reflector. The list goes the whole way from roast beef through baked vegetables to lemon meringue pie.

For success you do need a steady fire about the height and the width of your reflector. Build it against a backwall of rocks. You also need to learn the proper distance from fire to reflection for various kinds of food. But that knowledge you'll soon pick up as you go along.

Your first attempt in the reflector may be to try my favorite recipe for hot biscuits:

Mix 1 cup of flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ level teaspoon baking powder. Cut in with a knife 1 level tablespoon butter or lard. Still using the knife, mix about 1/3 cup of water or milk slowly with the flour into a dough soft enough to be rolled out. *Never knead* baking powder dough. Roll out the dough or pat it gently to a one-half inch thickness. Cut into biscuits with knife. Place on greased sheet and bake in front of a steady fire for fifteen minutes. After the first ten minutes, turn the baking plate so that the biscuits which were closest to the fire are now away from it. This will ensure an even baking.

When the biscuits start to brown and look, oh, so tempting, push a straw into one of them. If there is any dough sticking to it when you pull it out, the biscuits require more baking. Test them again until the straw comes out clean.

Go to it! Aren't they swell? And if you are interested in more cookery, send a three-cent stamp to me, at BOY'S LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, and ask for "Successful Patrol Menus."

Nature's Stratosphere Flyers

And then one starlit night in early August after the camp fire has burned down, set out through the woods, over the fields, and climb that hill top at the outskirts of camp.

Take your bearings by the stars and face north. There's the *Dipper*, there the *Pole Star* and there *Cassiopeia*, the "W" constellation. Now focus your attention on the sky between *Cassiopeia* and the horizon, where hovers the brilliant constellation, *Perseus*.

Presently a short stripe of white flame passes over a section of the sky and disappears. Then another, and still another. It is a night of "shooting stars."

"Shooting stars," as you know, are not stars at all, but meteors which sweep into the atmosphere of the earth at an average speed of about twenty-five miles a second and burn themselves up. They appear in swarms at various times during the year, but possibly in greatest abundance late in July and in early August. The swarm at that time seems to radiate from *Perseus* and is, therefore, called the *Perseids*. Watch particularly the night of August 11 and those nights just before and just after that date.

Continue your observations for about an hour, taking a careful count of the "shooting stars" you see. Then back to camp and so to bed.

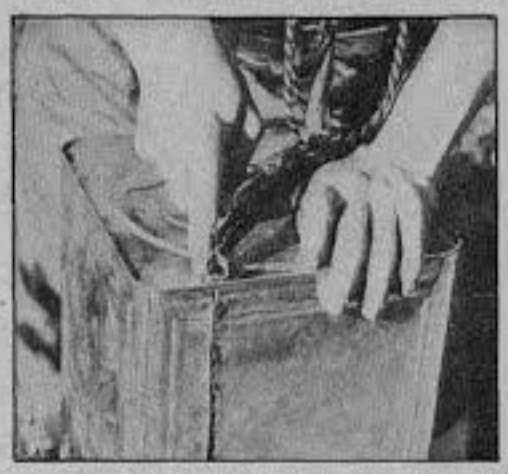
That experience will prove one of the high-lights of the summer's experiences, to be recorded in your Patrol's Log Book.

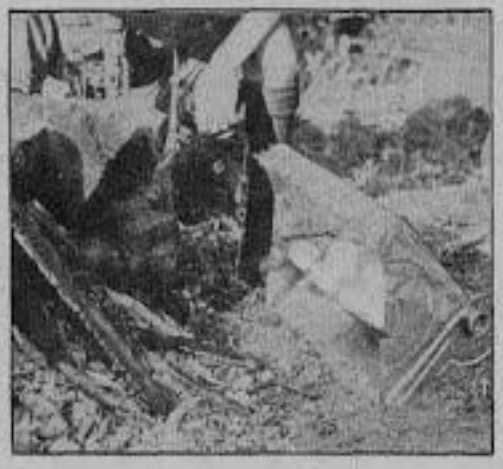
And coming once again to the *thought of the month*, let me give you the "Optimist's Creed" which I picked up recently while occupied in the gentle art of doughnut dunking:

As you ramble on through life, brother,
Whatever be your goal,
Keep your eye upon the doughnut
And not upon the hole!

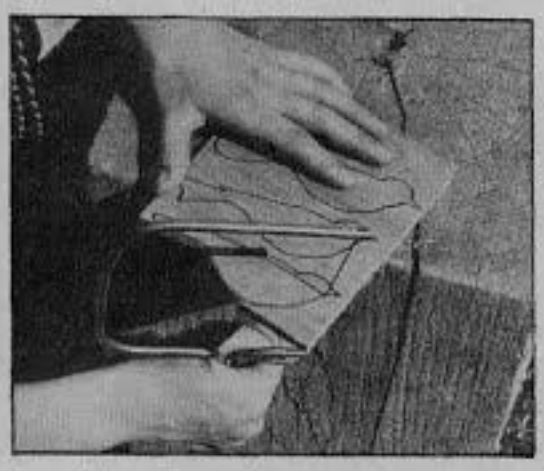
Whereupon I shall be on my way to reappear a month from now.

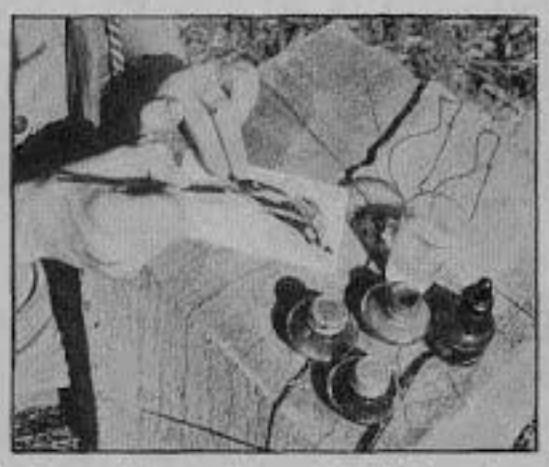
Yours till the corn stalks,

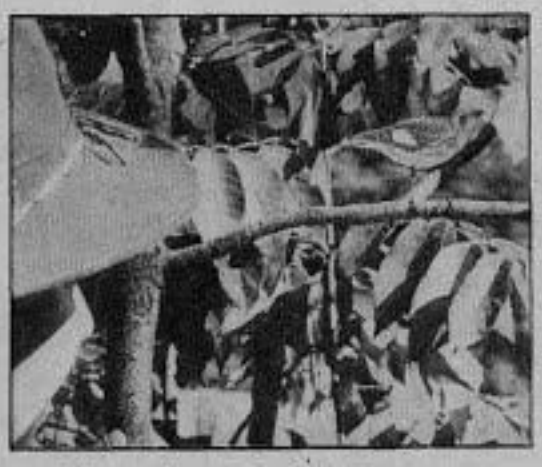




Reflector Baking starts with an ordinary tin can and ends with a delicious batch of biscuits fit for a future president







When you have mastered the first steps of bird study, aid others along by providing them with your own private "Bird Testing Trail"

Your Troop will find Green Bar Bill's suggestions helpful

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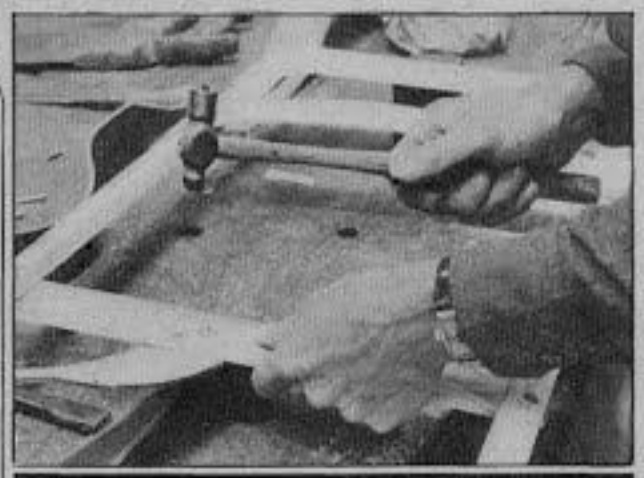
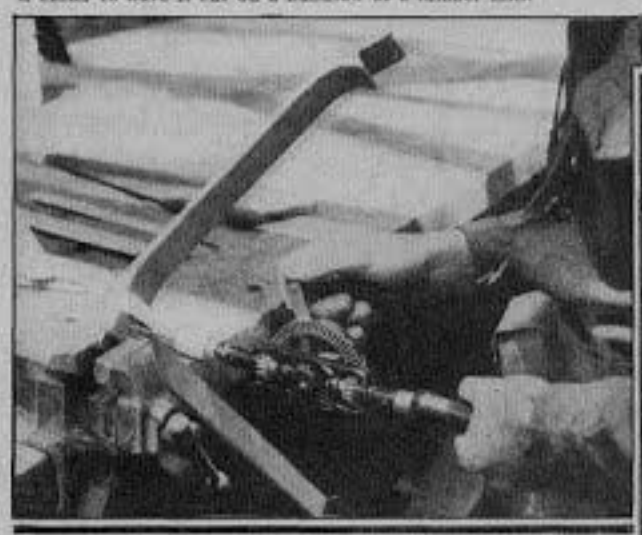
•FRAMING YOUR PACK

Starting your pack frame, the hip cross piece is the most important piece. It is cut to fit your hips, about 13¾" long and ⅛" at its narrowest part. Instead of doing it yourself, you'll find it easier to have it cut on a bandsaw at a lumber mill.

Your pack frame is ready! Your equipment goes into a canvas bag of your own design. This bag is fastened to the frame at the corners, unless you want to follow the method of the miners, and apply it with the famous diamond hitch. And now, GOOD HIKING!



The other ends of the straps are fastened onto the top cross piece. Space the two straps evenly on each side of center of cross piece, so they just clear each other. Mark and drill holes for the 3/16" rivets. Then rivet the straps on.

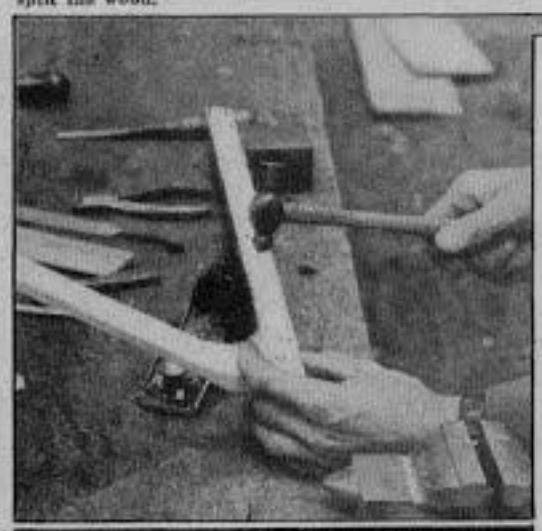


The uprights are next fastened onto the hip cross piece. Drill holes, just slightly smaller than the No. 12 rivets, stagger these holes and do a careful job of drilling them, so that you do not split the wood.

The center cross piece is riveted on next. It will assume a curve since the hip piece is curved. The top cross piece, on the other hand, is stiff and is mortised into the two uprights.

The remaining leather piece is stretched over frame at bottom, and holes are marked for fastening it onto hip cross piece. Punch holes to fit the ⅜" wood screws. Fasten one end first, stretch, then fasten the other end.

About one inch of the lower part of each upright is left. This is rounded off so that the rings with which the straps will be fastened will slip easily into position.



The uprights are riveted onto the hip cross piece. The rivets are pushed through the holes, the burrs placed over them, and the rivet ends hammered down.

Designed by William H. Payne, Boyhaven Camp Director, Schenectady, N. Y.

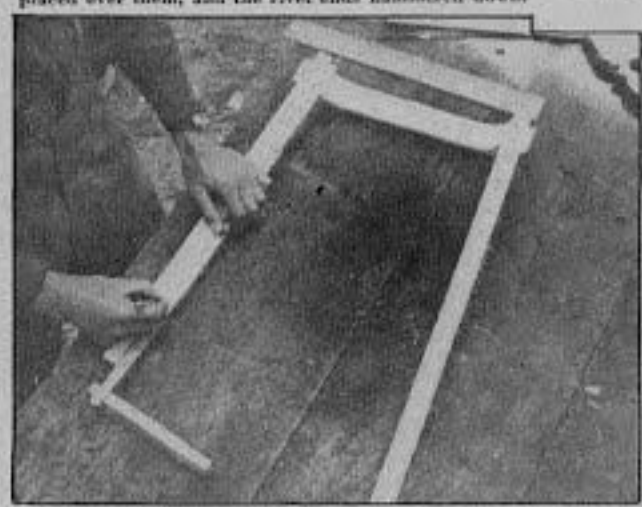
AMONG seasoned campers the argument is going strong: "What kind of pack for real hiking trips?" And the answers fly thick and fast.

They simmer down to a choice between a regular canvas pack, a pack basket, or a pack frame. Of these, the pack frame is the youngest development, although it was used extensively by miners fighting their way into the gold fields of Alaska. Of late it has become very popular among Scouts, partly for its comfort, partly because it provides an interesting handicraft project.

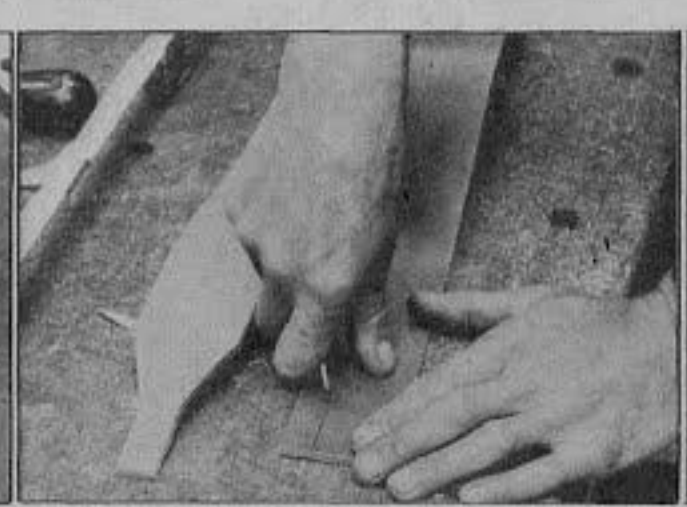
There are hundreds of different designs of pack frames, all satisfactory, and each of them the favorite of the person who designed or made it.

For the one shown on this page, you'll need the following material:

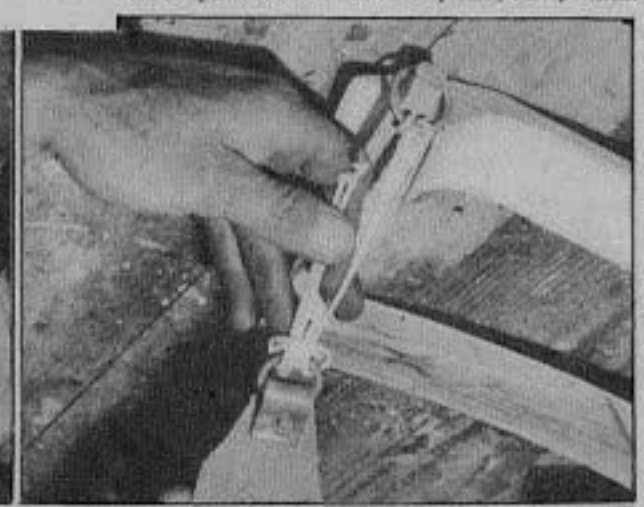
Wood (preferably straight grained ash or maple): Two uprights, ½" x 1" x 20"; one top cross piece, ¼" x 2" x 15"; one center cross piece, ⅛" x 2" x 15"; one hip cross piece, 1¾" x 2" x 15"; Leather or web straps, two pieces, 2" wide, 24" long; one piece, 2" wide, 18" long. *Galvanized rings:* Four 1" rings. *Rivets, with burrs:* Twelve No. 12, 1" long; two 3/16", ½" long; two No. 12, ½" long. *Wood screws:* Four No. 6, ½" long, round head. *Cord:* 6 ft. glazed mason's line.



The beginnings of the frame are placed on a table and the dimensions properly marked. The lower edge of the center cross piece should be 3" above the upper edge of the hip cross piece, and the distance from the very bottom to very top about 18".



The leather straps are cut to shape. The lower end is cut with a tongue to fit into a 1" ring. The ring is put on, the tongue bent back and riveted on with a No. 12, ½" rivet. If you use web straps, simply fold them into shape.



To complete the job, cut two lengths of the mason line, each 3 feet long, fasten the center of each line to a ring with a bridle or girth hitch, and the two loose ends with a similar hitch to the ring of the leather straps.

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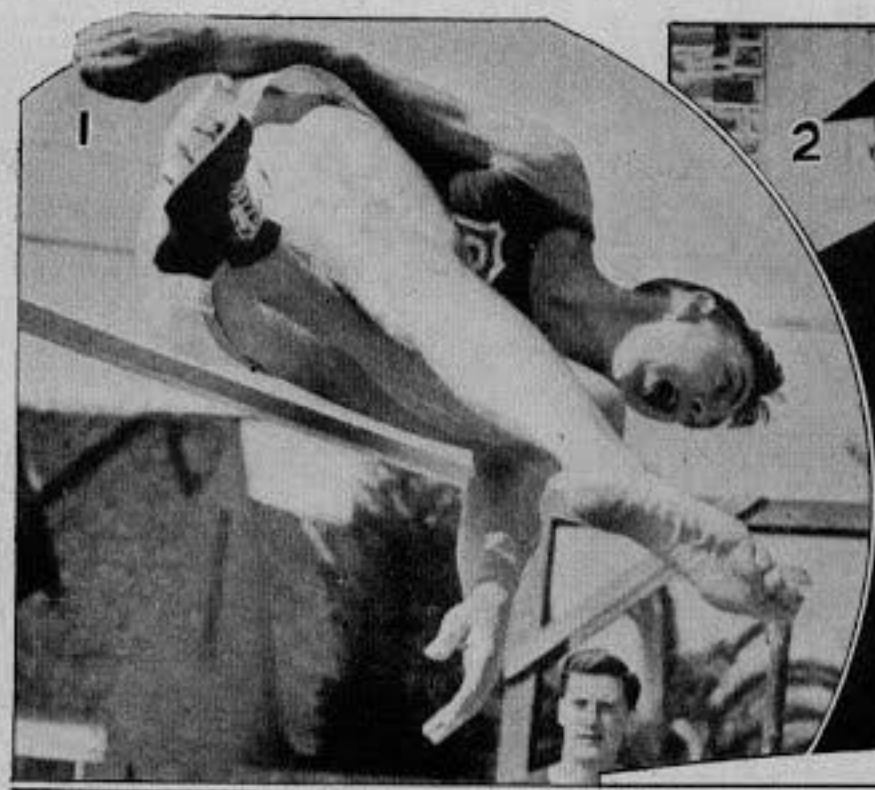

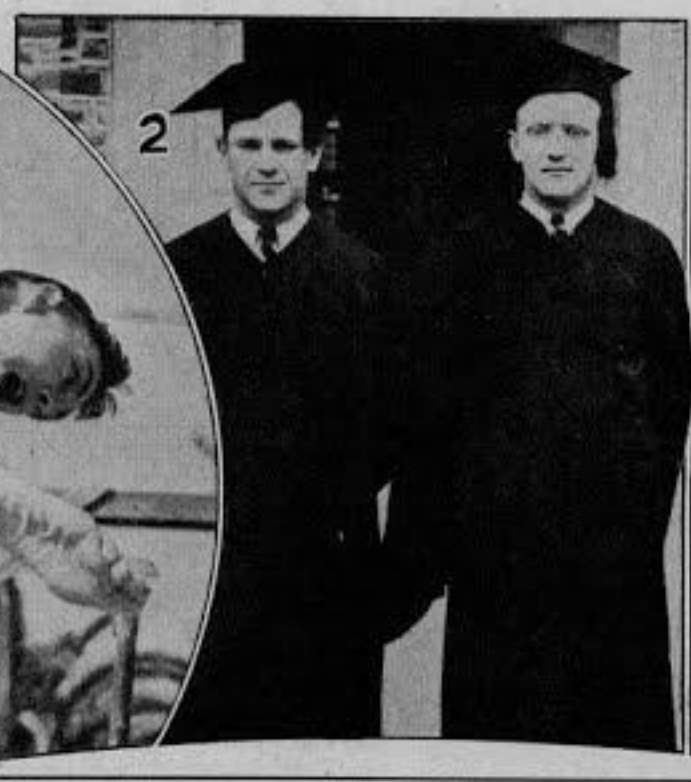

•• NEW IN THE NEWS ••

1. LEAPS MINUS A SHOE: Johnny Wilson, U. of Calif. high jumper clears the bar at 6 feet 7 inches with the lead off foot bare.

2. HEROES OF HIGH DEGREES: Eric Tipton and Dan Hill heroes of Duke Univ. Rose Bowl Team receive their academic degrees. Tipton reports to the Phila. Athletics.

3. MODEL YACHT WINNER: The New York World's Fair model yacht winner, John Seely, 13 years old, proudly displays his boat.

4. NORTH-SOUTH TENNIS WINNER: Charles Rider (left) receives the trophy he won from Carlton Rood at Pinehurst in the men's singles. Both are members of the Univ. of No. Car. tennis team.

5. BABY OF U. S. OPEN: Sixteen-year-old Stockton Rogers of Ponte Verda, Fla. shakes hand with Ralph Guldahl defending champ at start of championship match.

6. GAUGING THE CHAMPION: Vincent Arrioja, 13 years old, (right) four times winner of the Metropolitan checker Championship of N. Y. beats 35 of his pals in a simultaneous games exhibition.

7. MARBLE CHAMPION: This is the season for Marble Championships and William Cubler of Stonehurst Hills, Pa. receives his crown from the runner up in the Upper Darby, Pa. matches.

8. NAVAL ACADEMY ATHLETE RECEIVES AWARD: Mid-shipman A. A. Bergner, 4 letter man, receives congratulations from Admiral Brown as the outstanding athlete of the year.

9. BEST DRUM MAJOR: Eagle Scout Russell Ellis, 17 years old, was selected as the best drum major in Atlanta.

10. HONOR STUDENTS: Supreme Court Justice Owen D. Roberts at the Univ. of Pa. commencement with honor students Robert Allman (left) blind captain of the wrestling team and Rhodes Scholar Fred L. Ballard.

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BREATHING FOR THE BREATHLESS

IT IS said that a man can go without food for forty days or more if he has plenty of water to drink and still live but if his breathing is stopped for three minutes, depriving him of the oxygen which is in the air, that he may die. Every living thing must receive a regular supply of oxygen or die.

Although many persons are killed each year in our country from suffocation (lack of oxygen) due to gas, smoke, electric shock or submersion (drowning), many are saved because boys have known how to make breathing start again by using the prone pressure method shown below by Scouts of Troop 663 of Manhattan and described by H. M. Berry, its Scoutmaster. You may save a life.

F. C. MILLS,
Director Health and Safety Service,
Boy Scouts of America

Rule *One*. Go to work. Send for a doctor. Artificial respiration should be used whenever breathing has stopped, whether due to drowning, electric shock, breathing gas, a punch in the solar plexus or any other cause. Speed in getting started is essential.

Remove the hands quickly, by swinging your body backward—don't slide off. There should be no forceful jerk or jump here, as it might cause injury or delay resuscitation.

To turn the victim, straddle him and grasp both arms. Place one over his head. Bend the other arm at the elbow and place the hand across the victim's mouth.

Return to position with arms relaxed, and rest. This interval between pressures should be about two seconds. Thus the rate of artificial respiration is about twelve to fifteen times per minute.

Grasp the victim under the shoulder and roll him, holding the hand against the face. With this method a large person can be easily rolled with little time being wasted and no physical injury to the victim. His head is protected.

You will feel the lowest floating rib under your little finger. Straddling the victim's thigh and sitting on your heels, pressure is applied by a slow steady swing forward.

Assistants may wrap the victim in blankets, place warm stones or hot water bottles *wrapped in a towel* along the body, rub the arms and legs. Continue until natural breathing is restored or the doctor orders work stopped.

Quickly apply pressure and between pressures adjust the victim's face on back of his hand. Locate position for hands by sliding their inner edges down the back till they strike the hip bones, then let them fall forward along the ribs.

Keep your elbows straight and in the final position your shoulders are directly over your little fingers and your thighs are at right angles to the ground. This operation takes about two seconds. Not too much weight on your hands.

When the victim is breathing strongly and is conscious he may be turned on his back and given a little black coffee or diluted aromatic spirits of ammonia a sip at a time. He should be kept lying down and given first aid for shock.

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HAND SIGNALS DO NOT EXCUSE POOR DRIVING!

"Here is another common cause of accidents" says Patrolman Arthur M. Pfeilmann. "The driver imagines that because he signals he can disregard driving rules. Although the driver here is properly signalling a left hand turn he is cutting across other lines of traffic. He should be on the left side of the road to make a left turn. For a right turn get to the right. Don't cut across traffic to turn."

POOR PLACE TO PLAY!

"Where will they go next?", asks Patrolman Lippert. "That's the question when you see youngsters playing on the street. You can't tell which way they will dart next after that ball so slow down and proceed with caution. It saves trouble!"

SAFETY FOR YOURSELF AND OTHERS •

PERSONS who learn to drive an automobile today face a far different situation than those who learned in past years. Driving a modern car requires much more expert knowledge than was necessary in the past.

Traffic everywhere makes it necessary that drivers be entirely familiar with traffic laws, rules of the road, traffic signs and signals. They must be tolerant, courteous, and alert at all times in the name of safety.

Here are illustrated a few driving points of particular importance to which I wish to call your attention, those which are really vital and which a modern driver should understand if he is to handle his car safely and correctly.

These illustrations were made under the supervision of the Safety Bureau of the New York City Police Department and I heartily commend them to your most serious attention. They will materially contribute to your own and the safety of others.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Police Commissioner, City of New York.

FROM FLAT TIRE TO HOSPITAL!

"Here, especially, is something all drivers must watch out for and not do themselves. When you have a flat tire pull to that side of the road on which the flat tire is," says Patrolman Dixon. "It is difficult for others to see you when you are crouched low fixing a tire and you may be run down."

"INVITING THE UNDERTAKER!"

"The drivers must watch for the pedestrian who steps out between parked cars and directly in front of his car," Patrolman Pfehlmann remarks. "It is very hazardous to do this in traffic. Consider this picture. The man with the child has stepped in front of the truck. The truck swerves to the left to avoid hitting him, forcing the following car over the white line onto the wrong side of the street where it may have a head on collision!"

SECONDS MAY MEAN LIVES!

"Never pull out from the curb into traffic without looking behind you to see if all is clear and also signalling your intentions with your hand," says Motorcycle Patrolman Benjamin Steers. It takes but seconds to do this and it may save lives because if you pull out into traffic and another car is coming it might hit you or be forced into opposite traffic to dodge you. This also holds true when approaching highways from side roads.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON "HITCH" RIDERS!

"When you are driving a car always watch persons 'hitch' riding. It is a dangerous practice," says Patrolman James Dixon. He explains: "The driver of a following car never knows when either the riders will jump off or the vehicle strike a bump that may throw them off in front of his car."

ASKING FOR TROUBLE AND GETTING IT.

"Here is a prolific source of trouble," says Safety Patrolman Jacob Lippert. To get out of a car on the travelled side of the road, especially in heavy traffic, is inviting trouble. Many collisions result and usually it is just good luck, if the door is not knocked off or if the person emerging is not hit. Remember, get out of the car on the curb side and be safe!"
(All Photos by Leyson.)

"JUST A MINUTE? THERE!"

"Don't jump lights before they change," Patrolman Steers warns. "You crowd pedestrians crossing the street, endanger your own and other cars. Saving five seconds or so is not worth the chance of an accident!"

GANGWAY THERE!

"Drivers seem to forget that the pedestrian has certain rights," Patrolman Pfehlmann points out. "Remember that the pedestrian on a cross-walk has the right of way and you will avoid accidents. You can never tell when they may dodge in front of your car instead of stopping to let you by, so be careful!"

"GUILTY, YOUR HONOR!"

"Here is a typical example of poor driving," points out Patrolman Lippert. "Not only is this driver cutting in in front of another driver but he is cutting into moving traffic as well. Both practices are accident makers and violations of the traffic codes. Don't do it and save yourself from having to say, 'Guilty, your Honor!'"

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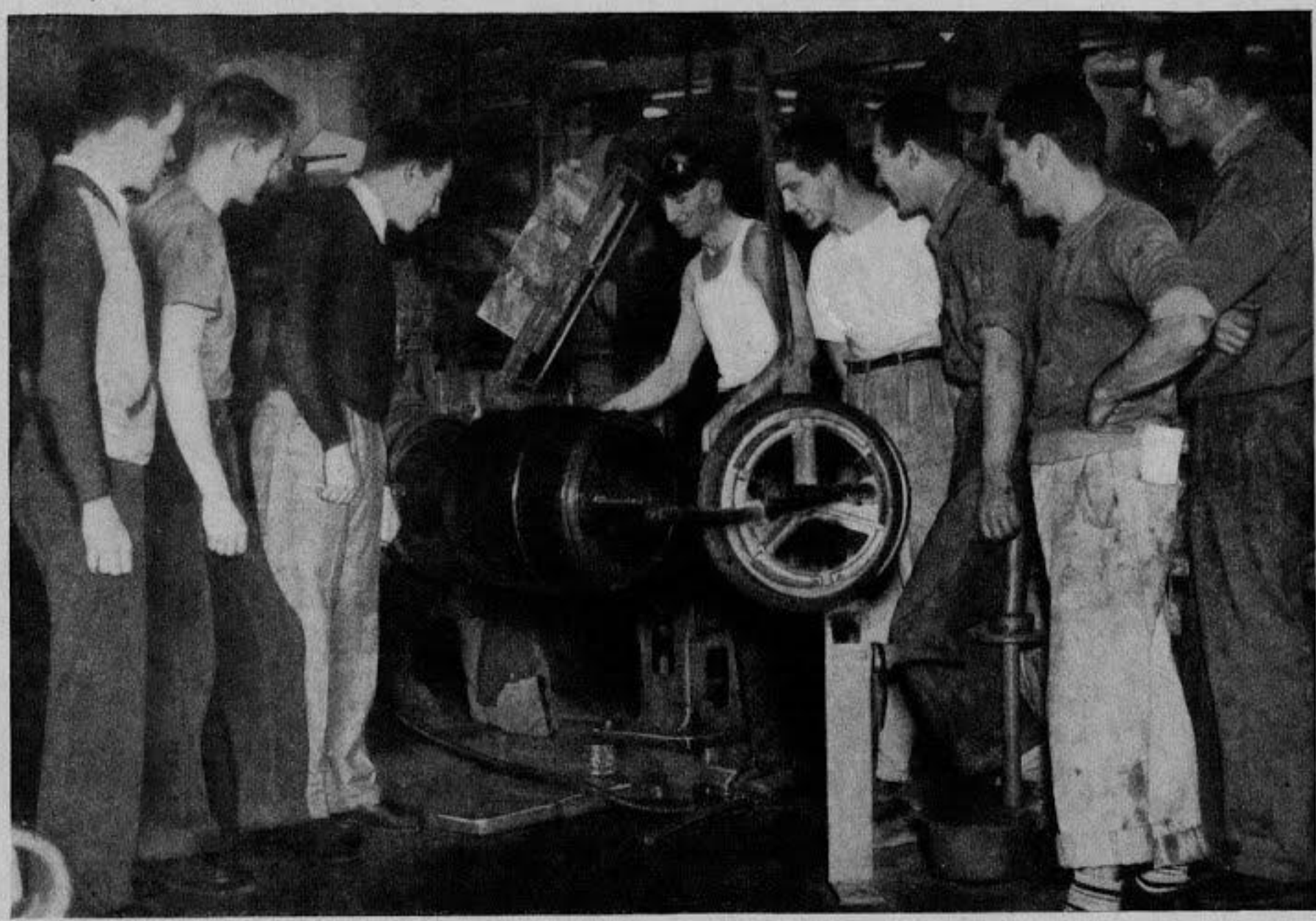
BOYS ON THE WAY UP...



RUBBER EXPERTS IN THE MAKING—squadron members taking a lesson in tire building from a veteran craftsman at Goodyear's Los Angeles, California, plant

NOT many years from now the young men pictured here will be scattered to the four corners of the earth. One may be head of a great rubber plantation in the East Indies. Another may be manager of a Georgia textile mill. Still another a research chemist in Akron exploring new uses of rubber—or a sales manager in South Africa selling tires to half a continent.

How can we predict this? Because these young men are members of Goodyear's famous training "Squadron"—and Squadron graduates of former years are holding these and many similarly important positions today throughout the wide-world operations of the greatest name in rubber.

Since 1913 there have been Squadrons in all Goodyear's great rubber factories. As members ambitious youngsters receive three years' training in every department of shop and laboratory. They absorb the secrets of rubber by first-hand experience; learn how to compound and cure rubber for manufacture into thousands of articles now in daily use—everything from rubber paint to giant conveyor belts more than a mile long!

But more important still, they learn teamwork and the management of men and materials necessary to produce quality rubber products. They gain the "know how" that fits them to be future executives of the world's largest rubber company. By thus training young men to take over the reins of leadership in one of the world's most complex industries, Goodyear further insures its own leadership in rubber.

Centennial of Charles Goodyear's discovery of vulcanization

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Edited by **Franklin K. Mathiews,** *Chief Scout Librarian*

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DREAMS are queer things, particularly those of the nightmare variety, featured in the picturization of THE WIZARD OF OZ (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). As the famous story of enchantment goes, out in Kansas a small girl, by name Dorothy, gets into trouble at school because her pet dog bit the teacher. Swift discipline follows, with the result that girl and dog run away from home right into more trouble, and worse—a cyclone overtakes the devoted pair. A roaring wind hurls a window frame that hits Dorothy on the head, a "knock out" that put Dorothy, dear, to sleep for a long, long time judged by the length of the amazing dream adventures that follow.

Dorothy's friends and acquaintances become creatures of a most singular sort. Awaking (so she thinks) she finds herself in a most delightful country where she meets (1) the beautiful Witch of the North who tells her all her problems will be solved by the Wizard of Oz who lives in the Emerald City. But as she journeys there she must beware of the wicked Witch of the West. She has not gone far before she meets a very odd person, indeed, (2) a Scarecrow, in face strikingly like farmhand Hank, who says he needs brains. Dorothy tells him of the wonderful Wizard of Oz and he decides to follow her, hopeful the Wizard will satisfy his greatest desire.

Soon after they meet (3) the Tin Woodman, very like in looks to farmhand Hickory, who says his desperate need is a heart. All go on together. Suddenly, they see a lion in the way (4) but when they meet him they find the lion weeping (5) because he has lost his courage. He, too, joins the pilgrimage to the Emerald City. And as they go, they sing:

We're off to see the Wizard
The wonderful Wizard of Oz
You'll find he is a whiz of a wiz
If ever a wiz there was
If ever oh ever a wiz there was
The Wizard of Oz.

Little did they know that the Witch of the West (6) was scheming to plague them on their journey. At last, though, after suffering many afflictions at the hands of the Wicked One, they come to the palace of the Wizard of Oz (7). There they are told they cannot come in until they have destroyed the Witch in the West. That accomplished—a terribly thrilling experience—they return in triumph (8) to the Emerald City. They are received and honored by the Wizard who suddenly disappears (9). After that—back to earth again as Dorothy awakens.

THE WIZARD OF OZ was first presented as a stage show some years ago. Its success was sensational—similar to that of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* Grown-ups and youngsters alike hailed the farcical story of enchantment with screams of laughter. The all-color picturization is sure to meet with the same enthusiastic favor; how can it be otherwise with Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Judy Garland and Billie Burke playing the principal parts?

(Concluded on page 41)

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WITH THE OCTOBER ISSUE BOYS' LIFE

$1.50 PER YEAR

HEADS UP EVERYBODY!

THERE'S news in the air that's worth knowing. Don't look now, but two mighty important words are creeping up on you. When they get close you'll want to grab 'em. Yes, Siree, grab those two words LAST CHANCE. They can secure for you another 12 big issues of BOYS' LIFE on a renewal order at the old price of only $1.00 *before the new price goes into effect with the October issue.*

BOYS' LIFE issues are going to be worth many more times the new price of $1.50 so you can see what a real bargain this LAST CHANCE OFFER is for you. GET under the wire now at the old price of only $1.00.

Naturally, BOYS' LIFE copies are going to be better than ever before. The same brilliant authors whose stories have made BOYS' LIFE the favorite magazine of hundreds of thousands of boys will be with you in every issue. And there will be new authors, too, with new subjects to delight you. Likewise, the same popular artists, whose illustrating of BOYS' LIFE stories has been such as to make thousands of boys prize and save these illustrations, will continue to contribute their talents. The Editors are planning the greatest array of short stories ever assembled in a boy's magazine and serial stories will be the most thrilling; the most grippingly interesting of any that BOYS' LIFE has published. (Page 38 of this issue gives you a slight inkling of just how good BOYS' LIFE is going to be.)

NOW is the time to act on the LAST CHANCE offer. Don't put it off until later—then it will be too late. Don't lose the benefit of this big LAST CHANCE BARGAIN OPPORTUNITY. Your renewal order forwarded to BOYS' LIFE now will entitle you to a one year (12 issues) extension from the expiration date of your present subscription.

Attention! BOY SCOUTS Only

AS A registered Scout you are still entitled to the Special Concession Offer which BOYS' LIFE makes to your Scout Troop. See your Scoutmaster about your renewal subscription with the Troop.

TO DO IT— USE THE COUPON

CASH FOR YOU

WHAT'S more, you will want to tell all your friends about this Last Chance offer on BOYS' LIFE. In fact, if you can secure their subscriptions (new or renewal) you have the privilege of deducting 25¢ on each $1.00 Last Chance subscription you secure. Make a canvass of your neighborhood and talk to the parents of your friends about a BOYS' LIFE subscription before the price increases. All you need do is list the names and addresses of your subscribers on a plain sheet of paper and mail with remittance of 75¢ for each subscription direct to BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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CAN YOU TAKE IT?

KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT

by C. Ward Crampton, M.D.

Learn to
TAKE IT
TAKE IT with you
TAKE IT to the
TOP OF THE WORLD

THE amazing things you can find in a Tenderfoot's pack! The amazing things that will happen to it! He will pack it askew. It will shift over one ear and around his chest, leak, dribble, come apart and sprinkle the trail with odd and queer things.

SO LEARN TO PACK AND CARRY RIGHT!

Choose (or make) your own equipment and learn how to handle both in a workmanlike manner. Be prepared. Pack right, carry right. It makes a big difference, sometimes all of a sudden too, for example: See what happened to me, once, just once and through no fault of my own. (Oh! Well, not much anyhow.)

WHAM!!! A hundred-weight of assorted sticks, second-hand boards, barrel staves and split cord-wood crashed over my head and down I fell on the cold wet cobble pavement of lower Broadway. Just in time for the northbound cable car front fender to slam me clear of the grinding sliding wheels that could not stop. A near thing that! My left leg was almost caught by the rear wheels of the car which crushed with a sickening crunch some of the boards and staves that had brought me low. And just five seconds before, everything had been so fine!

I had been quietly riding my bicycle down the cable slot of lower Broadway a bright Saturday morning (to the bank where I worked) all set to start my vacation. It was to be a bike-hike all the way up the Ramapo across the Delaware into the valley of the Genesee, on to Rochester the city of my Ward ancestors, a great ten day, 600 mile jaunt. Riding the wet cable slot was, of course, tricky. You can't turn off from wet metal or asphalt quickly, but it was smoother than the cobbles and I took a chance. I liked danger. But there on the curb stood an Italian emigrant woman with an enormous load of sticks on her head (gathered laboriously to keep the home fires burning on Mulberry Street, with no expense but the trouble and the transportation.) But she had not loaded her bundle of faggots correctly. It was, of course, balanced nicely on the cloth wad-pad on top of her head. Her upraised left arm steadied her load but obscured her view, so she didn't see me slithering down the main stem of the Metropolis on my way to work.

Carry the load centered comfortably, compact and snug on the body. Hands free, eyes free, back straight

Suddenly without warning she started a swift sliding trot across Broadway and she and her load met me, bike and disaster. A crowd of excited Italians gathered, a policeman took me to the police station. It looked bad. The crowd increased as we went along and worse because there was a campaign against bicycle "scorchers." There had been accidents and pedestrians had the sympathy of the City, but I explained to the judge I did not run the lady down. On the contrary the lady had run *me* down. I was an innocent victim and with my torn shoulder, ripped up knee and muddy clothing, I looked it. Because I had not left the "scene of the accident" he believed me and set me loose. Sore and smeared I was escorted through the howling crowd in safety and to my job in the bank. Nevertheless, I did get on my bike that noontime, and started on my tour to Rochester and got there too.

All this trouble was caused primarily by bad technique in carrying a load. There is a way to do it, several ways. You must consider three things:

1. Yourself,
2. Your load and
3. Character of your course of travel.

All of these three factors are keenly interesting and important. We as Scouts know a great deal about them, but the successful burden carriers have learned the way to do it best to meet their labor and their problems. I have carried many a pack blanket roll, canoe, "guide" boat, duffel bag under many conditions and I have studied the matter with some great people.

Just so that you could get the matter into a nutshell clean, right and quick, I checked with Professor Clark Wissler of the great American Museum of Natural History. He is the Director of great collections of tribal costumes and aboriginal canoes, tepees, tents, implements and pack carriers from ancient times to date.

But I found that our own Boy Scout Supply Service experts under its Director E. W. Beckman (an old Scouter himself) had long ago been up there studying out what all the world could tell them about packs and packing from Ancient Egypt to Modern Norway, Alaska and Indians, the natives of the Mountains of Tibet, Java, Australia to the pack carriers of the Pampas. Our Supply Service apparently sees all, knows all, and that made me very proud. Over the years they had figured out the best kinds of packs, pack carriers, baskets and ruck sacks and brought them right down into the Trading Posts all over America for you. I have enough information for five books on the subject. Just so you can get where you want to go, take it with you and still be fit for a fight or a frolic at the end of the hike, I am giving you a point or two.

You Yourself

To carry a pack right you must be right yourself and carry yourself right. The French greeting like our "how-do-you-do" is "comment vous portez vous?" means literally how do you carry yourself, from your feet up to the important weight bearing area about the neck. Watch this page for further information. Just now consider briefly, the essentials of the pack.

Pack Light, Necessities Only

With a head full of brains, and a good Boy Scout knife, you have the wilderness already half licked.

Pack Securely

First make your package shipshape and secure in itself. Then you can determine how to carry it.

Secure the Pack

Hang the pack where you want it, balanced and centered. Secure it to keep from flopping and shifting.

Freedom of Action

Leave the eyes, hands, and head free for the business of the wilderness.

Different Kinds of Carry

Animals carry things in their mouths. Man learned to carry first in his hands but soon he commenced to use his back, the top of his head and a hip or two in various ways and for various purposes. Theoretically the most economical way of carrying weight is to balance it on the top of the head. It is typically Asiatic and African. Great water jugs were carried by the Ancient Egyptians balanced on the head as the ancient sculptured figures testify. African negro porters use this method for bundles of luggage on safari. It is generally used around the Mediterranean for baskets and bundles. It is used best on easy flat going and in open spaces. It cannot be used for climbing or through thick brush. The best all around practical carry is the ruck sack, knapsack, haversack or pack basket. These are carried behind you so you can wriggle through small spaces. The weight comes in the (*To page 42*)

Alaska Indian pack carry. His goods are wrapped up in a blanket package and carried by Tump line and breast band. The Tump line limits head mobility and range of active vision. The breast band binds down the arms, but leaves the hands and forearms free. The well adjusted back-pack or basket is much better.

Old Mexican Indian carry for heavy and bulky loads: Tump line and basket with waist belt for control. A strange counter-balance weight is hung from the head in front to preserve center of gravity. He takes much trouble to balance his load and evidently considers it worth while. But he puts both hands out of useful service and his field of vision is very much limited.

You can write any special questions on physical training to Dr. Crampton

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Babes in the Big Leagues

(*Continued from page 7*)

expenses on the way.

Mel told me once the story of his arrival in New York.

"I was scared to death," he said. "I had a straw suit case in one hand and my heart was in my mouth. I stood in a doorway of the Pennsylvania Station and looked at the traffic on Seventh Avenue and I was afraid. I'd never seen anything like it. I wanted to run right back and jump on the next train for New Orleans. But I couldn't do that. I had gone that far and I couldn't turn back.

"It never occurred to me to take a taxicab to the Polo Grounds. I never had ridden in a taxicab in my life. My idea was to take a street car. But which one? Which way? I went up to a traffic cop in front of the station and asked him the way to the Polo Grounds. He pointed to the Sixth Avenue Elevated, a block away.

"'Go to that station and get on a train going that way,' he said, 'and it will take you right to the Polo Grounds.'

"I walked to Sixth Avenue and stood there for about ten minutes looking up at the Elevated. It seemed like a risky way to ride. I couldn't see how the trains could stay upon that structure. But I took courage when I saw all the people that climbed the stairs to the station and all the trains that went by without falling off. So at last I climbed the stairs, too, and got on a train and finally I got to the Polo Grounds."

His troubles were not completely over. The gate tender refused to believe, for a while, that he was a ball player. You wouldn't blame the gate tender, would you, seeing before him an obviously scared kid of sixteen with a straw suit case in his hand—too scared to talk, almost—and asking for John McGraw and saying that he was a ball player? But he got in eventually and went to the club house and met McGraw and McGraw told the trainer to give him a uniform.

His troubles were over, however, the first time McGraw saw him at the plate in batting practice. McGraw had watched him catch and didn't think much of him but the first time he went to the plate he hammered two or three balls into the right field wing of the grand stand and McGraw knew that, all unexpectedly, the Giants had come up with a hitter.

McGraw told him to throw his catcher's mitt away and buy a glove because from there on he was to consider himself as a candidate for the outfield. And McGraw told the newspapermen covering the Giants something more.

"That kid never is going to get away from me," he said, "not even for a little while. I would be afraid to send him out to a minor league club. The manager might try to change his batting style and wind up by ruining him."

Ott never got away from McGraw. He never has got away from Bill Terry, either, and the chances are he never will. Year in and year out, beginning with 1926, he has shared with Carl Hubbell the distinction of being the most valuable Giant player. Most of the time he has played right field, where he belongs. In time of stress or emergency, he has played center field, second base or third base. He would play anywhere that he thought he would be helpful to the Giants. A star ball player and so, perhaps, entitled to dictate where he will or will not play, it never has occurred to him to do anything of the sort. No player in my time has had a finer sense of loyalty to his team or a greater readiness to submerge himself for the good of his team.

Their reactions to their rather startling experience of finding themselves, while still boys, wearing the uniform of a major league team differed greatly.

"I soon discovered," Hoyt said, "that playing baseball in the big leagues—or even in a minor league, for that matter—wasn't the same as playing it on the Parade Ground in Prospect Park or the fields where the high school team played. That was fun. This—being with the professionals—was business. I was a part of a big business, in which men had invested millions of dollars—and at an age when the boys and girls of my acquaintance still were playing marbles or rolling hoops or engaging in other games or sports for fun.

"I was like Alice in Wonderland. Everything that went on around me surprised me and I understood little of what I saw. Even an older player, joining a big league club, is in a fog for a while. I was in a fog for two years.

"When McGraw released me to Rochester and I thought I should have remained with the Giants, I was very angry with him. Looking back, I can see that he was right—and I was wrong. I wasn't a major league pitcher. I needed another year of minor league seasoning. I got the equivalent of it pitching that summer for the ship yard team, so that by the time I went up with the Red Sox I was ready. But if I was managing a big league ball club today and I had a boy such as I was in the spring of 1919, I wouldn't keep him. I'd know that he didn't know

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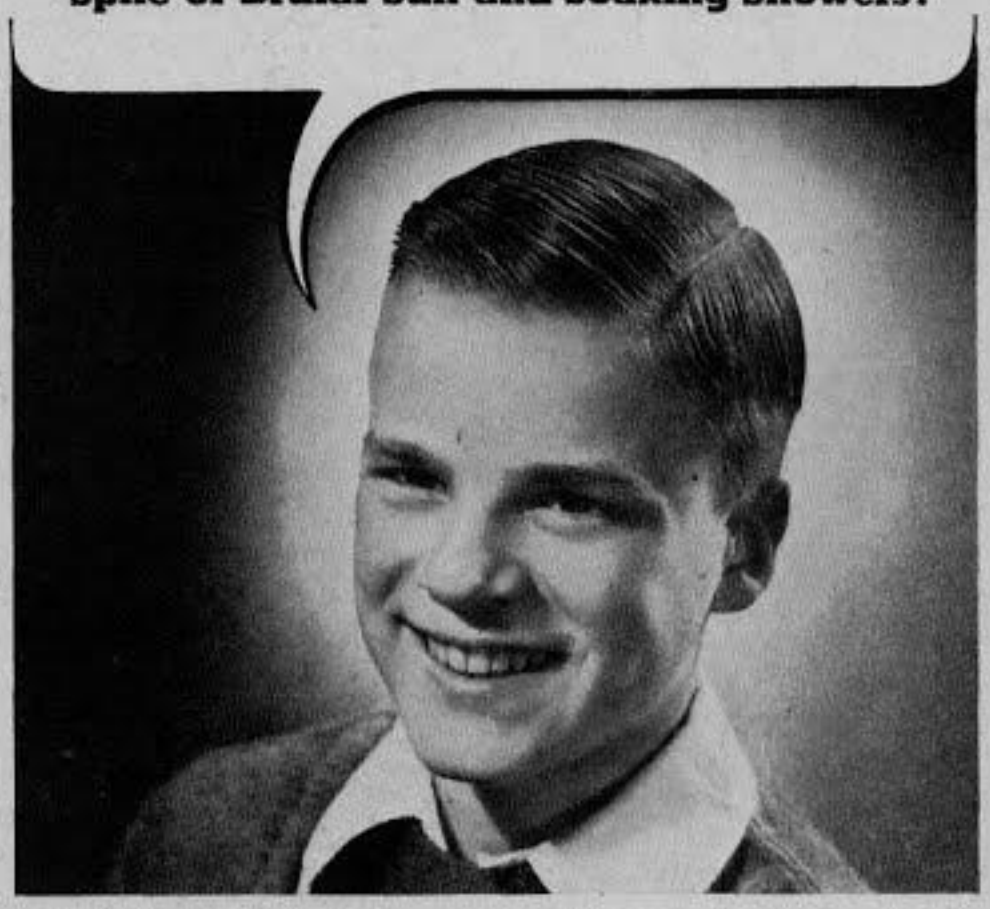

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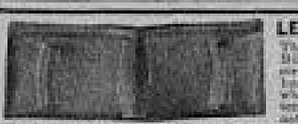
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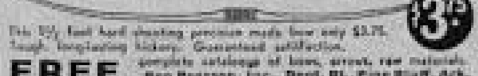
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enough. I'd be afraid to trust him in a ball game that meant anything to me. I'd send him out for another year under a manager in whom I had confidence. That's what McGraw tried to do for me.

"Meanwhile, the publicity I had received and the attention I had drawn from people who like to flatter and entertain ball players had complicated things for me. I thought I was a big shot when, as a matter of fact, I was nothing of the sort. I was just a kid—and a very fortunate kid in many respects. But a kid whose normal childhood had been sheared off abruptly and who frequently was confused by the things that went on about him.

"I straightened myself out eventually. In the long run the experience didn't do me any harm. But it might have. Maybe I was just lucky."

I told some of this to Ott one day. I asked him if he, too, had known a sense of bewilderment in his early days with the Giants or if his mind had been troubled by the circumstances in which he found himself. Knowing him so well, I was not unprepared for the reply which he gave me.

"No," he said. "Once I got over my fright at seeing New York for the first time and riding on the Elevated, I was all right. I was awed when I found myself in the Giants' club house, of course, with all the great players of whom I had read as a kid in Gretna. But they were so nice to me that I soon got over being in awe of them and then—wel', playing ball on the Polo Grounds was just the same as playing it down home."

A CHAPTER in a recent book gives some of the high points of baseball history, the beginning of the game, the beginning of organized teams, the beginning of baseball as a big business. The book is called AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS IN AMERICAN LIFE. It is by Robert B. Weaver, is published by the University of Chicago Press and is priced at $1.00. In it are many amusing old pictures and stories of American pastimes from Colonial Days to the present.

The Great Heckle Handicap

(Continued from page 11)

feline burr gently aside with the toe of his shoe and getting ready to take Woody's serve.

Woody, who prided himself on a stinging service, nearly took the cat's nose off with a particularly hot ball, and Bill's racket, swooping downward in quick retort, nearly removed her tail. The cat, conservative by nature, backed off hastily and gave herself up to thought, her head moving gently back and forth as she followed the shots and her tail waving gracefully.

Bill took the point with a return that sneaked over the net and dropped harmlessly on Woody's side, and the cat, evidently approving of the exhibition, returned fondly to Bill's feet.

She was giving her earnest and flattering attention to a shoelace, when Woody snaked over a soft, innocent-looking ball that was loaded with English and spun back the moment it hit the court. Bill was no sucker, but the cat and the ball were in each other's way, and one of them had to move.

The astonished animal found herself lifted up into the air on a tennis shoe, safely out of harm's way, as her human elevator made a reckless and successful stab at the ball, sending it back to Woody. Woody, slightly stunned by this procedure, made a feeble lob in return, and Bill countered with a blistering drive down the sidelines.

"Love-thirty," Ace murmured, casting a smug glance at Woody, who refused, however, to be upset.

"I hope you understand, Bill," he said. "There's nothing pussonal in this."

A concerted groan arose, and the cat, evidently overcome by the combination of puns and being treated like a bale of hay, stalked off in majestic grandeur, her nose in the air and her tail waving.

AT THIS point, the troupe of small boys really got to work in earnest. Bill was subjected to a series of explosions, shouts, flag-waving, net-jerking, and general bedlam that probably set some kind of a nuisance and noise record. An aeroplane flying overhead was lost in the general din. A motorcycle putt-putting past might have been a wandering mosquito. A big truck lumbering down the road and the excited backfires of an elderly car only supplied a sort of symphonic background.

Bill took the set six-three, and Woody, walking forward to change courts, decided also to change tactics. After a brief conference with his forces, he waltzed merrily back to the baseline and took up his position to serve. Bill took the ball on his backhand and fired it back in a hard flat return that forced Woody to lob. As it sailed high over the court, Woody yelled at Bill in loud excitement.

"Hey! Bill! Look behind you!"

Bill killed the easy lob on Woody's side of the net, and *then* looked behind him.

Woody retrieved the ball, and retired to the left court, muttering bitterly. Ace and Jimmy suppressed gurgles of joy.

Two similar efforts—one, directing Bill's attention to a non-existent bird overhead, and one demanding sharply that he duck an unspecified missile—produced exactly nothing in the way of results. Bill, not an ornithologist and evidently developing a suspicious nature, declined to be unsettled and justified his calm by taking the game with a two-point margin.

AS HE wound up for service, Bill encountered another mental hazard. Woody the Resourceful became talkative.

"You remind me," said Woody brightly, regarding Bill's contortions with the admiration they richly deserved, "of a giraffe I once saw at the zoo. He was trying to get his head down between his knees, and he looked more like you do than you do yourself. You could make a fortune in a sideshow with that serve, Bill. I'll nominate you for Who's Zoo in America."

Owing to the length of his candid comments, he found himself entertaining the tennis ball on his own side of the court before he had finished, but, on returning it, was pleased to see that Bill winced slightly at the pun. Woody took the point and chose to regard it as a good omen.

"Love-fifteen," said Woody with a touch of pride. "Look, Bill, be careful. Some day you'll really get tied up in a knot and we'll never get you undone. Knot that I care," he added. "We can use you to fasten the tennis net up with."

"Nets to you," Bill said calmly, and burned over a scorcher.

With the score one to nothing on the match in Bill's favor, and one-all on the second set, a new development arose, in the form of a fine collection of firewood, nicely dampened in a handy rain-barrel. This, arranged carefully near the court in a tidy heap and tenderly encouraged with eight matches and some newspaper, produced a truly magnificent smudge on

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the west side of the players, taking full advantage of the breeze.

With the third game thirty-all, and Woody still wondering what new tactics to pursue, a heavy cloud of smoke began to roll grayly across the court, blanketing the players and the cat with devastating effect.

"Now that," thought Woody, coughing violently and gleefully crediting his "stagehands" with this device, "was really clever of those kids."

In his concern for the effect this would have on his opponent, however, he failed to notice two rather remarkable items; first, that it was Ace and Jimmy who had done most of the work of laying the smudge fire, and, second, that it had been carefully placed a good deal nearer to him than to Bill, so that the wrong party was getting the full benefit.

Woody peered anxiously through the fog, made out the shadowy figure of his opponent, and knocked over an easy serve, being none too sure of the exact location of the service lines. Bill returned the ball with an indignant cough, and Woody, playing safe, spun it back with a lazy underhand stroke, barking like an excited puppy from the effects of the smoke and with his eyes watering pathetically.

"Smart idea of those kids all right," he assured himself, quite oblivious to his own sufferings in the thought of Bill's. "Whoops!" He tagged a mean cut in the far corner of his back court, then followed it to the net and volleyed Bill's return, killing the ball just inside the line.

The cloud of smoke drifted away in a puff of wind, and Woody wiped his eyes, noting with approval that Bill was having the same difficulty. It quite restored Woody's morale, and he returned to the development of the plan, improving the situation further by taking the next point and the game.

It was Bill's serve, and, just as that young man got nicely wound up, Woody straightened from his crouching position as receiver, held up a warning hand, and said "Wait a minute." Bill unwound gently, and looked inquiring.

Woody, with an intent expression on his face, began to examine his racket, going over it carefully string by string. Finally, after an extremely thorough and leisurely survey, he shook his head in sorrow and turned his attention once more to his opponent.

"What's the trouble?" said Bill.

Woody shrugged. "Thought there was something wrong with a string," he said. "Sorry. I'm ready now."

Bill wound up again, and Woody waited until the last possible second before shouting "Wait!" again. Bill, looking a trifle grim, unwound.

Woody, tongue between his teeth, began his preoccupied and anxious examination once more. This time, after a search of perhaps three minutes, he was able to find a minute speck of dirt, which he laboriously scraped off with his fingernail.

"There," said Woody in great relief. "Now we can go ahead."

Bill with a martyred expression, rewound and, this time, was permitted to finish the delivery, which was not up to his usual brilliant form. Woody's gentle smile spread into a wide grin, as Bill stroked a deceptively soft return into the net.

"Love-fifteen," said Woody in a soothing voice.

In the middle of the next rally, pandemonium broke loose again. The small boys, this time with the unblushing assistance of Ace and Jimmy, produced a truly remarkable effect by beating on a variety of sausepans, drums and various other implements, the medley being greatly improved by the addition of all the alarm clocks and the saxophone. The cat, an operatic soprano, added her voice to the proceedings, and even Woody was forced to admit that the result left little to be desired.

He himself was quite undisturbed by these manifestations, being too earnestly intent on Bill's welfare and assuming that Bill was the one who was suffering from the commotion. In his superconcentration, Woody failed to observe

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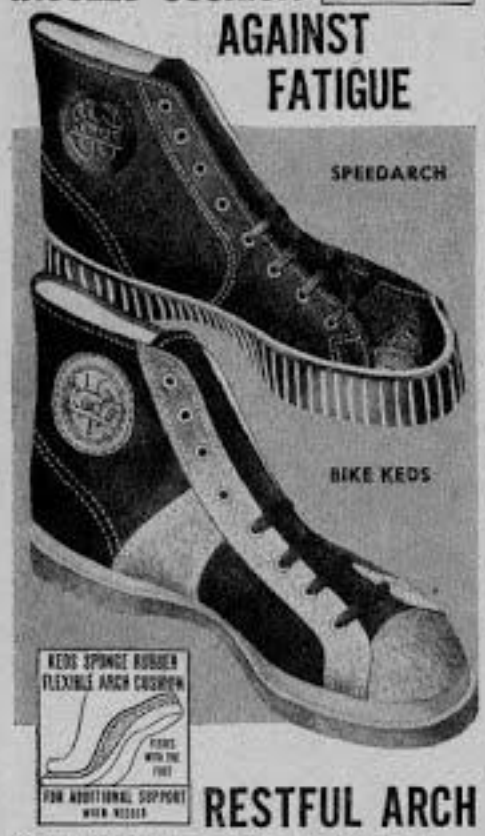

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that all the excitement was taking place on his own side of the net.

"Nice going," he murmured appreciatively, and won two points in succession before the orchestra stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"Love-forty," Woody announced cheerily, and once more allowed Bill to get wound up before lifting a warning hand for the third time. "Sorry," he said brightly. "Just one moment."

The moment stretched into minutes, as he dug busily through his pockets, and Bill stood looking patient but taking deep breaths. After considerable agitation, Woody produced a pair of smoked glasses, which he donned with a convincing sigh of relief.

"Okay," Woody called. "Play ball."

Unfortunately, the glasses were slightly blurred. Oddly enough, Bill was wound up again before Woody observed this distressing fact.

"Wait," said Woody, doing his traffic policeman act again. "I've got to wipe these off."

It took two minutes to find a handkerchief which was in the pocket of his sweater which was lying on the bench. It took another two minutes to clean the lenses to his satisfaction, and then it took another two minutes to put the handkerchief back in his sweater pocket, and the sweater back on the bench, and Woody back in his place.

Bill lifted his racket. "Are you ready?" he said.

"I—think so," said Woody doubtfully, then observing Bill's racket swing back in its devastating arc added, "Oops, sorry! Just one second more." He shed a sweet smile on the assemblage. "The sun's gone in again," he explained. "I don't need these glasses after all."

Woody took that set.

The third and deciding set opened with Bill looking slightly strained, Woody exuberant, and the sideline assistants alternating their orchestra with the remaining firecrackers, and occasionally letting off shrill whistles practically in Woody's ear.

BY THE end of the fifth game, however, and in spite of all these noble endeavors, the score was three-two in Bill's favor, and Woody's system of delay and wisecracks began to falter. It had lost its first, fine, careless rapture, and, although, when a ball went outside and hit the unhappy cat on her nose, he managed to call it a catastrophe, his heart was no longer in it.

The result was a temporary lull and a reversion to straight tennis. Woody, getting slightly discouraged, began to show distinct signs of weakening, while Bill seemed as full of vim as ever. Ace and Jimmy, with the assistants, made a few desultory efforts with the remaining firecrackers and the alarm clocks, but they were exhausted by their previous labors, and, like Woody, their hearts were no longer in their work.

Bill had a two-game lead, when the smallest boy, bored to distraction and thrown back on his own limited resources, began to whistle through his teeth.

It was a small, inadequate-whistle, with a curiously penetrating shrillness, rather like a determined and ruthless mosquito, and its first tuneless notes brought a frown to Bill's face.

Woody took the game after a short struggle at deuce, and brought the set games to four-three. The whistle, plaintive and buzzing, went on and and on.

Bill, coming down court, to make an easy kill at the net, missed the try completely.

"Tough," said Woody with questionable sympathy.

The small boy, trying his own version of the Star-Spangled Banner, got struck on the top note and produced a small but very displeasing sound, adding the effect of a pewee to his already excellent version of a militant mosquito.

Bill let out a yell of rage that shook the clouds, and advanced on the artist with obviously murderous intent. The artist gave him one startled look, shrieked, and fled.

Bill, thwarted, slammed his racket down on the court and snarled. "How to you expect me to play tennis," he raged, "with that infernal noise going on and on? If there's one thing I can't stand," he added violently, running both hands through his hair, "it's people whistling through their teeth. It drives me wild."

Woody, casting a triumphant smirk at Ace and Jimmy, soothed his opponent with kind words and honeyed phrases, and, although it was no longer necessary from his own point of view, he managed to persuade Bill to finish the match—a match which Woody won and from which Bill retired dejectedly, casting dark and bitter looks at the small whistler who was now trying in vain to hide behind the cat.

Woody was about to crow triumphantly over the supposedly prostrate forms of Ace and Jimmy, when they unnerved him by grasping his hands, patting him on the back and generally showing their excited approval.

"What's the trouble with *you?*" Woody demanded suspiciously. "I won the bet, didn't I?"

"Certainly you won the bet," Ace told him approvingly. "But, look. Right in the middle of the match, I had a brilliant idea." He straddled a bench and shook hands with himself before going on. "That smudge fire, for instance. Now that was just as hard on you as it was on Bill, and it should have put you off your game. And so should all the noises and everything after that. Why, we were right on your court, and you never turned a hair. Woody, my good man, you're cured."

"Absolutely," said Jimmy proudly. "Sound as a dollar. Not a nerve left in your system. If you can hold your own with Bill under those circumstances, you can hold your own with anybody. In fact," he added cautiously, "I don't see why you can't beat Bob Pierson when you play that return match tomorrow."

"By jiminy," said Woody wonderingly, "maybe you're right at that. Say, I never even jumped, did I?"

"A man of iron," Ace told him. "Why, a little thing like a motorcycle or someone sneezing now won't even make you rattle an eyebrow. Nerves of steel," said Ace, pounding himself on the chest and looking like Tarzan. "Pardon me, friends, while I go and comfort Bill."

Woody stared vaguely after him. "Calm, cool and collected," said Woody. "Poker face. Me."

THE following afternoon, Jimmy sought out Ace in anxious excitement. He had been unable himself to attend Woody's match with Bob Pierson, and arrived panting at the courts just as Ace trailed out of the park building.

Jimmy seized him. "How'd it come out?" he demanded. "Woody won, of course. What was the score?"

Ace raised his head and regarded his friend for a moment in tragic silence. "Two to one," said Ace hollowly. "Woody lost."

Jimmy staggered. "He can't have," said Jimmy in a wail. "He can't possibly have. Not after that exhibition yesterday. Why, nothing could rattle Woody. Nothing could—"

Ace gazed upon Jimmy with the expression of one who has lived and suffered.

"It was too quiet," said Ace. "It got on his nerves."

READERS who enjoy comedy will find Phil Strong's book THE HIRED MAN'S ELEPHANT highly amusing. It tells how the proprietor of a carnival company took up winter quarters on a farm and how Ali, the kindly elephant, performed many kind deeds and won the affection of Don, the hired man. This book received the award in the Herald-Tribune's Spring Book Festival. It is published by Dodd, Mead at $2.00.

Spinach Preferred

IT IS hard to believe but spinach was selected as the favorite vegetable of the group of boys who voted in the recent Children's Preference Study conducted by the Boys' Athletic League of 70 Fifth Avenue New York City. There were other features of the voting less difficult to understand, however, among them the fact that BOYS' LIFE was voted the favorite boy's magazine and was third choice in popularity in the field of all the other national publications, LIFE and LOOK in that order winning out with approximately a 5% and 4% better standing.

The tabulation of votes for magazines follows:

Rank	Magazine	%	Number
1	Life	19.47	4,557
2	Look	17.76	4,382
3	*BOYS' LIFE*	13.92	3,434
4	Popular Mechanics	11.14	2,748
5	True Story	8.65	2,134
6	Western	3.53	871
7	Liberty	1.43	353
8	Doc Savage	1.38	340
9	Outdoor Life	.65	160
10	Comics	.64	158
	All others	22.43	5,534

THIS ballot seeking the "favorite" among 49,343 boys and girls showed other interesting results, particularly among the boys who voted. Collecting stamps was voted the most popular hobby, with airplane model building in second place. Bananas topped apples by better than two to one as the favorite fruit, while President Roosevelt was voted the most loved man and Chancellor Hitler the most hated man in the world.

Pie was chosen as the favorite dessert of the boys by a three to one vote over ice cream, while turkey beat out chicken by a neck; a bare 3% as the favorite meat. Swing was overwhelmingly voted the popular type of music, while blue was voted as the boys' favorite color. Gang Busters topped the list as the radio program favorite, while Eddie Cantor just beat out Jack Benny as the favorite radio comedian with Charlie McCarthy in sixth place.

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THINK AND GRIN edited by FRANK RIGNEY

WHEN the gust blows into August is it welcome? Hot weather is O. K.—even if it does bring mosquitos—but we need a little cool air once in a while. The worst hot air in the whole month generally blows for whatever point of the compass Old Idle Five Minutes is standing on.

Now, you fun fans, you are needed to cool Old I.F.M. down a few degrees and if you swing plenty at him, we may get him all the way down into the cooler. If you haven't fans hands, use pans. Send in your best jokes (but don't send letters or other articles with them) and for the best jokes, that is, those accepted and published, Boy Scout Diaries will be awarded.

Right or Left

Diner: Waiter, I'll have pork chops with fried potatoes, and I'll have the chops lean.

Waiter: Yes sir, which way, sir?

Oh! Oh!

Grand Stand: I've seen these teams play so often I can tell the score before the game starts.

Beachers: All right then what is it.

Grand Stand: Nothing to nothing before the game starts.

Historical

First Boy Scout: I wonder how old Miss Smith is.

Second Boy Scout: Well she is pretty old; they say she used to teach Caesar.

Mice or Men?

John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!

Well, what do you want me to do?

Get up and grease it.

Oh Honey

Mary had a swarm of bees
And they to save their lives
Had to go around with her
For Mary had the hives.

On Equal Terms

Ben: I put a tack on the teacher's seat yesterday.

Ted: Did you? I bet he won't sit down in a hurry.

Ben: No, neither will I.

No Hurry

A doctor had an urgent phone call from a gentleman saying his small son had swallowed his fountain pen.

"All right! I'll come at once," replied the doctor, "but what are you doing in the meantime?"

Came the unexpected answer, "Using a pencil."

Must Be Wise Cracker

John: This soup tastes funny.

Waiter: Well, why don't you laugh?

Then He Saw, Sir

A visitor in a fashionable home was much surprised to see his host pour his coffee into a saucer.

The visitor did the same. His astonishment grew as he saw his host add milk and cream. He did the same. He was greatly embarrassed by the next move for his host set the saucer down on the floor for his dog.

Fair Question

South Sea Islanders have the same weather the year round.

Goodness me, how do they open their conversations.

Accounting

Teacher: Billy, what counts most in this world of ours.

Billy: An adding machine.

Open to Question

Dumb: Are you yawning?

Dora: No, I'm giving a silent Indian war whoop.

Butt——!

A policeman speeding in answer to an alarm call found two boys prostrated on the ground near a suspension bridge.

Their bodies were limp, their faces pale and twisted in agony.

The policeman's fear they had been overcome by a deadly gas was dispelled when he discovered a cigar butt nearby.

Bang!

First Class: Say, have you got a drum in your ear?

Tenderfoot: Yes.

First Class: Well, beat it!

Sole Complaint?

He: Why are you limping—do your shoes hurt.

She: No but my feet do.

Heroes All

Jim: Who was the hero in the play you went to see last night?

Jam: Every person in the audience who stayed until the end.

Snap

Old Photographer: See the dickey bird.

Modern Child: Just pay attention to your exposure, focal length, distance, and lighting, so that you don't ruin the plate.

Lean Years

Mrs. Andrews: These sausages you sent me are meat at one end and breadcrumbs at the other.

Butcher: Yes madam, in these hard times it is difficult to make both ends meat.

Pressing his only pair of pants, tho he had barely started; 'twas time for his Oh Henry, so, in short, the man departed.

Oh Henry!

Everybody's Candy Bar!

FRESH CRISP PEANUTS
CREAMY FUDGE CENTER
RICH BUTTERY CARAMEL
FINEST MILK CHOCOLATE

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD, ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

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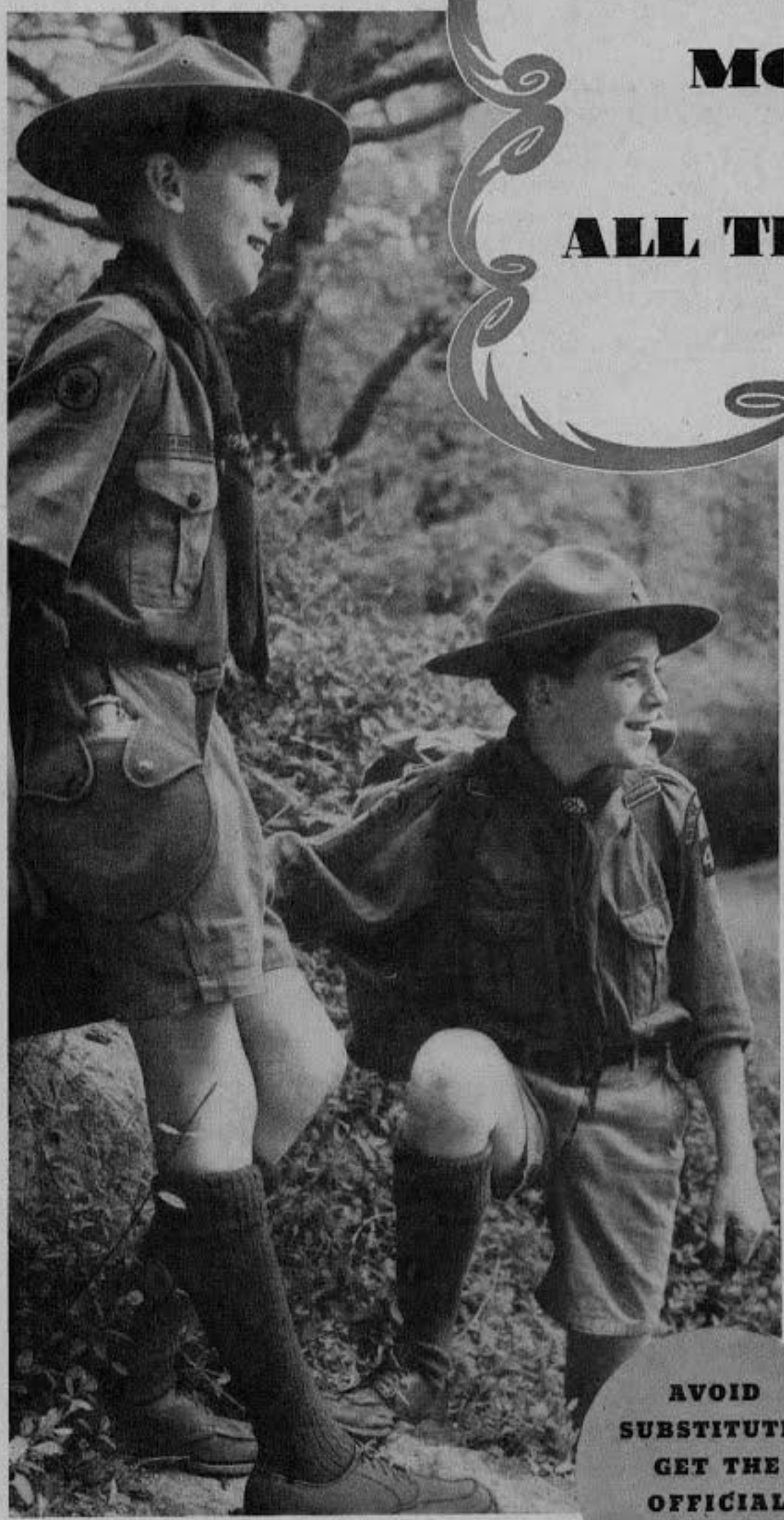

MONARCHS OF ALL THEY SURVEY

It's great to be a Scout and wear the UNIFORM

WHAT greater thrill can a fellow have than to pause in the great outdoors, relax, perhaps, for a rest, and breath in big lungfuls of God's fresh air. You bet, Scout . . . you know how swell it feels. You stand there looking into the distance . . . like Balboa at the Pacific . . . like an Indian Chief on a butte . . . "monarch of all you survey."

You stand and watch. The path you took is winding like a ribbon from the road below. The brook you crossed is rippling still. The trees sway in the breeze and seem to move, as white clouds in the sky float on beyond the tree tops. And when you look ahead . . . you wonder what lies in store for you . . . away beyond the horizon.

In your smart Uniform of khaki, you feel that you belong . . . you are a part of the scene. For your Uniform is a tradition on the range. It comes to you straight from the explorers and adventurers . . . men who came before you and who, like you, have thrilled to the call of the wilderness and the uncharted lands and seas. Today it is the Scouts like you, members of the Boy Scouts of America, who carry on traditions of adventurous men. And your Official Uniform is *tradition number one.*

★ ★ ★

You can get your Official Uniform from your Local Scout Distributor. Breeze down and see him soon. He has been especially appointed by the Boy Scouts of America to carry your Official Uniform and various Scout Accessories in stock. You see, he is really one of us. And you can talk to him about your Scouting needs as man to man.

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Get in the extra fun of **SCOUTING** *with these features!*

Official "Wool Lastex" Swim Trunks

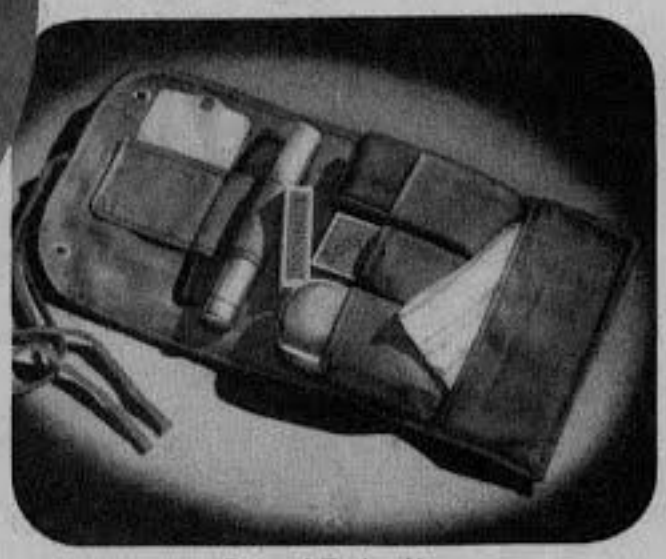
High-waisted model made of "Wool-Lastex;" a material that hugs the body and dries quickly. Built-in supporter. White belt with Scout Emblem on buckle. Official monogram sewed on. Sizes 26 to 40 inclusive.

No. 551A Navy blue with white stripe..... $1.95
No. 551A Maroon with white stripe..... 1.95

Official Gabardine Trunks

Hawaiian model, high-waisted with attached adjustable belt and Scout buckle. Made of excellent quality Gabardine provided for Scouts who prefer a loose swim trunk. Has Scout Monogram sewed on. Sizes 26 to 40 inclusive.

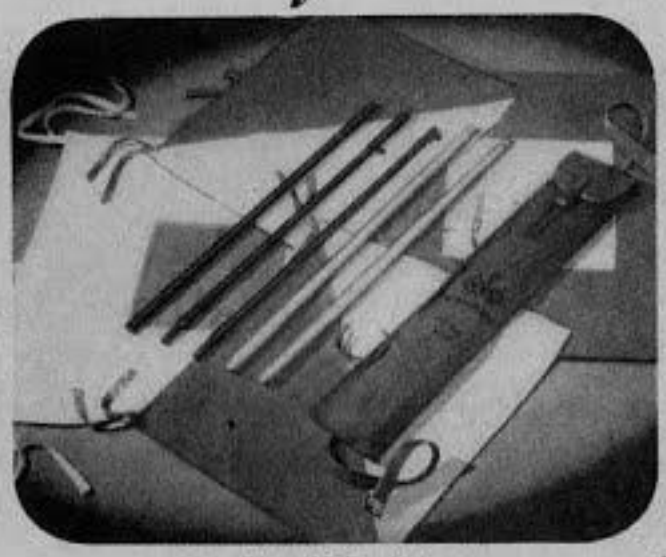
No. 552 Navy blue with white stripe..... $1.95



Official Toilet Kit

One of the finest low-priced kits developed for camp and outdoor use. Makes an excellent travel kit, for it is rich and substantial-looking. Just the kind your dad would like to have. Comes in a compact roll-up type case; containing the following items: hairbrush and comb, metal mirror, toothbrush holder, soap dish, wash cloth, and sample size tube of toothpaste and cake of good soap.

No. 1685..... $1.25



Signal Flag Kit

A real bargain. A complete Signal Outfit at less than the actual value of the parts. Consists of a pair of Semaphore Signal Flags, a pair of Semaphore Flag Sticks, a pair of Morse Signal Flags and a jointed three section Morse Flag Stick. All are contained in heavy canvas carrying case with adjustable straps. Weight about 3 lbs.

No. 1498..... $1.19

Shipping Charges Not Prepaid.

Official Sleeping Bag

A bag every Scout can afford. Size 30" by 72" with 36" side talon "zipper" fastener; weight 6¾ lbs. Made of heavy water repellent drill, kapok filling.

No. 1442..... $5.95

Shipping Charges Not Prepaid

Official Moccasin Kit

Partly assembled. Heavy waterproof steerhide; composition rubber sole and heel already attached. Order by shoe size.

No. 1677..... $1.65

Official Lariat

Samson spot cord, 20 ft. in length. Strong and durable. It's easy to learn how with this lariat.

No. 1070..... $1.25

Official Sewing Kit

A practical sewing kit containing pins, needles, thread, scissors and Scout buttons, all in a canvas roll-up case.

No. 1491..... 60c

Official Chow Kit

Consists of stainless steel knife and chromium plated fork and spoon of a better grade. Knife is especially fitted with a cap lifter. Handles of knife and fork are of thick, chromium plated tempered wire.

No. 1384..... $1.25

Official Cook Kits

Made of heavy gauge seamless aluminum. Comes in canvas carrying case with web strap.

No. 1200 "Wear-Ever" make... $2.50
No. 1199 "Mirro" make..... 2.50

Official Compass

Bar needle type. Metal case. Dial has 16 points and Scout Seal.

No. 1093..... 80c

Official Canteens

Made of heavy seamless aluminum in tight fitting khaki felt cover. Removable adjustable strap. Holds slightly over one quart.

No. 1466 "Wear-Ever" make... $2.50
No. 1202 "Mirro" make..... 2.50

Official Camp Mirror

Made of nickel plated, heavy gauge brass, nicely finished. Size 3" x 4".

No. 1440..... 25c

Official All-Steel Axe

All steel constructed. Head and handle manufactured in a single piece. Complete with leather sheath.

No. 1424 "Bridgeport" make.. $2.00

Official Sheath Knives

Finest forged steel blade with beveled back, perfectly and uniformly tempered. With sheath.

No. 1559 "Remington" make... $1.75
No. 1560 "Marble" make..... 1.75
No. 1553 "Ka-Bar" make..... 1.75

Official Bugles

Instruments that are smarter and trimmer than the average.

No. 1277 "Conn" make..... $5.00
No. 1538 "Rexcraft" make..... 3.95
No. 1226 Bugle cord, silk..... .75
No. 1235 Bugle bag..... 1.25

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Black Rain

(*Continued from page 13*)

man ever laid eyes on."

"But what's just land good for?" Joe wanted to know.

"Farms, homes, cities," Jack explained. "A whole nation is ready to be born here."

"You're right, boy," Sterling gazed into space. "I've seen some of its foundations, but out beyond the big river and the plains are mountains the like of which we can't imagine, and more rivers and more plains clear to the west ocean, so folks say."

"I'm going to see that country some time!" Jack's eyes shone.

"It's the likes of you that'll make it great, boy. Young blood in new land."

"A whole kingdom in itself!"

"Sure." Sterling nodded. "I ain't read books and I don't know the history of the world, but it's only sense to think that this country'll grow too big for far-off England or France to hold. The men who march into it will rule it themselves some day."

"America!" Jack whispered the word that had magic for him.

THEY were interrupted by Jean Ducharme who had come to the fort unchallenged by the Indians, who considered him a harmless old codger. Jack was about to ask him to tell them more about the west that he had seen as a voyageur, but he was stopped by yells from the walls. Snatching up their guns, they ran to the blockhouse, hearing distant firing on the way. When they could see the river there was an Indian paddling a small canoe like mad up the middle of the stream. He was crouching low and coming so fast that the single feather in his scalp lock lay straight back like a weathervane. From both banks Ojibwas and Wyandottes were wading waist-deep into the water to blaze at him and warriors in canoes were putting out pellmell in his wake. It was all a mystery until Sterling shouted, "He's an Iroquois! A friend!" For since the days of Champlain that tribe had been England's ally.

Instantly the race took on a vital aspect because everyone knew the Iroquois would not run that gantlet in daylight unless he carried a message of weight. The nearest canoe, driven by four paddlers, pulled over at an angle and two men in her waist fired together. The Iroquois swayed, missed a few strokes and came on. Gladwyn shouted an order and the cannon in the southeast bastion roared. The shot fell short, but the pursuers backed water. Like all Indians, they had a holy horror of artillery.

The Iroquois came in slowly and the British cheered him on. They could see he was hard hit and a boat put out to him. A soldier caught hold of the canoe and they towed it to the dock while the warrior, kneeling in a pool of blood, clung to the gunwales with both hands. When they lifted him out they thought he was dead. Gladwyn rolled him over and took a letter from his bullet pouch, then ordered them to carry him to the surgeon's room, for he was still alive.

The watchers knew it was good news before the major finished the letter.

"From General Amherst," he told them. "He is sending us supplies and reinforcements under Lieutenant Cuyler. They will be here within two weeks."

The men cheered and threw their caps in the air and the word started around the town faster than a bat could fly.

But the news was not all good, as Jack learned that night from his brother. The Iroquois had revived and told his story. With another Indian he had been paddling a British messenger from Niagara to Detroit but the first night the other two had been killed in an ambush. This one had carried on with General Amherst's letter. On the way he stopped at Presque Isle, Sandusky and Miami—all were burned, as probably were the other forts north and west. Beyond a doubt Detroit was the only post left on the lakes and Pontiac would soon be concentrating his whole force against it.

AMHERST'S letter had been written before he heard of the uprising, so he was sending only the usual spring replacements and supplies under Cuyler. A batch of raw recruits blundering into a hostile country! Gladwyn turned white at the thought. Not only would the men be lost but the supplies they were guarding would never reach the fort which needed them so much. A council of war had been held and the officers had decided to do all in their power to avert such a tragedy. In the morning the schooner *Gladwyn* would set out to meet the convoy, then it would go to Niagara with letters for General Amherst. It was a big risk all around, but it must be taken.

"And you," Gladwyn told his brother, "are going east as my courier."

Jack started up as though he had been slapped in the face.

"That's not fair, Harry!" he cried. "You promised to treat me like any other private soldier, but now you are taking advantage of your authority to give me a safe berth."

"Safe berth?" Gladwyn smiled. "There is no safe berth on a ship that size when the river and lake is swarming with Indians."

"It is safer than staying here and you know it. You think I am a sissy to be hustled out of danger when things begin to pop! You are not playing fair—and I won't go east!"

"After all, young feller, I am in command here."

"I know it. But the only way you can make me leave Detroit at this time is to send me in irons."

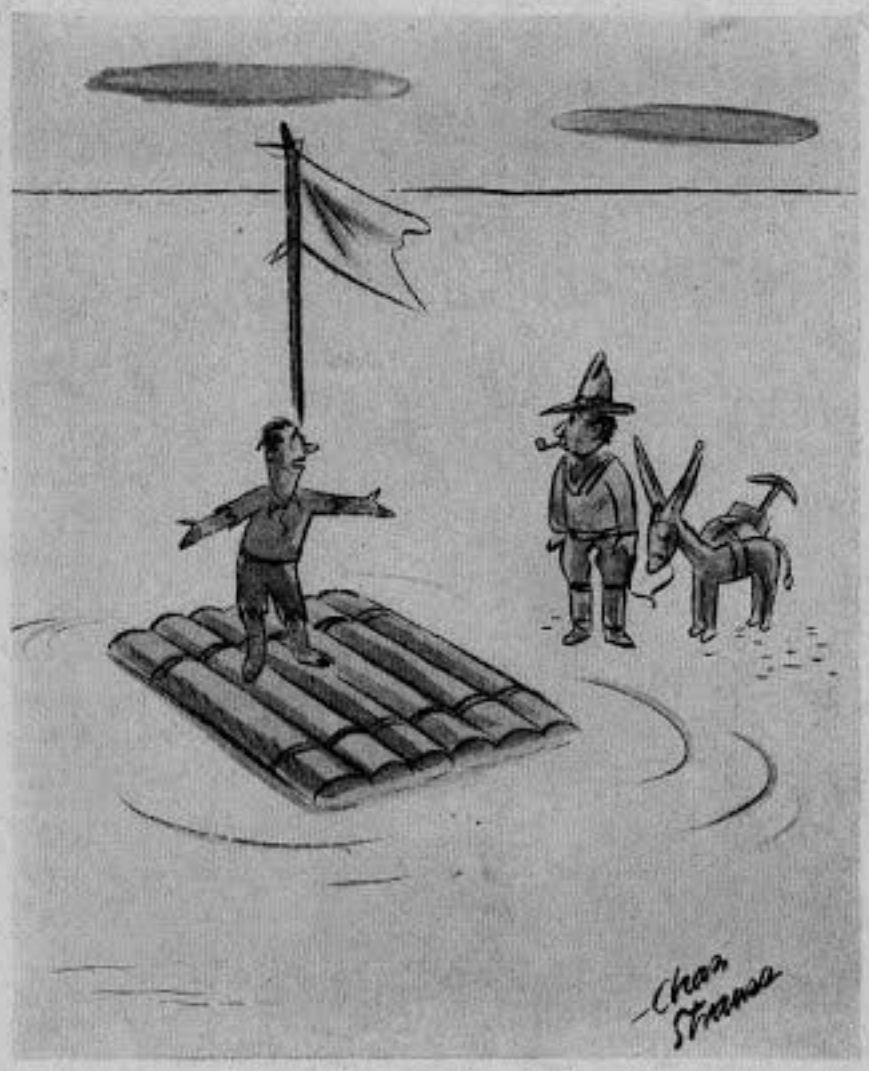
"I might do that."

"I dare you—you bully!"

Gladwyn's lips met in a thin line, then relaxed slowly. "It seems to me," he remarked, "that you are taking an unfair advantage also by defying your commanding officer just because he happens to be your brother."

"I am sorry." Jack moved some papers on the table. "But," he looked up steadily, "please, Harry, please let me stay here with you."

"Go to bed." Gladwyn said brusquely. "I must write General Amherst now. The ship leaves in the morning." He sat down at the table and went to work, but out of the corner of his eye he watched the boy go slowly into the next room.



"One of us must be a mirage!"

When he finished his letter the major stepped to the inner door. Jack stood by the window looking out at the night, which was soft and quiet except for the croaking of frogs in the river.

"What's on your mind at this late hour, little brother?"

Jack answered without turning around, "What Sterling calls 'out yonder.'"

"The lakes?"

"Yes, and beyond—the Mississippi, the prairies and farther."

"A bit of a country, according to reports."

"I want to see it more than any place on earth, Harry."

"More than England?"

"A thousand times more."

"You are a queer duck." The major walked into the room. "England is grand."

"But it is old, Harry." The boy swung around. "This country is new. White men have never seen the most of it."

"And I don't care to, personally. I have seen about enough of this dashed wilderness already. England is the place for a man to settle down."

"All right, take your sleepy old England! But when this war is over we Americans are going west."

"'We Americans!' My word! Have you cast off England, then?"

"We have outstripped her." Jack's tone quickened. "She can't keep up with us. While she sits on her money bags we will go ahead and make a new nation for ourselves."

"Tut, tut, young feller!" Gladwyn smiled. "Haven't I enough on my hands without quelling a rebellion?"

"I didn't say anything about rebellion, though people over here may go that far if the old country loads us with taxes to help pay her European debts." Jack gestured impatiently. "What do we care about Europe? Our business is here. We are pushing out, putting the old things behind us."

"If the infant Hercules had heard you talk he would have eaten the two serpents after he strangled them in his cradle, then cracked his heels together and whooped for more." Gladwyn slapped his brother on the shoulder.

Jack did not resent the banter. "You'll see, Harry my boy," he said. We Americans won't sit around sucking our thumbs and waiting for orders from stuffy old King George. We will push on and on and on, making our own nation and our own laws as we go."

"If His Majesty gets wind of this he won't sleep nights."

"Laugh if you want to! But you will see what happens when this war is over."

THE Major gave him a deep look. The youngster he had known was gone. Here was a man, with dreams and faith and courage worthy of the race that bore him.

"Forgive me, Jack," he said quietly. "We have been separated so long I did not realize your growth. Detroit needs lads like you at this moment. I shall be happy to have you stay."

"You're a bully old trooper!" The boy turned away quickly, for tears would have been a disgrace just then.

The schooner *Gladwyn* dropped down the river the next morning. With her plank bulwarks, abundance of small arms, and cannon loaded with scrap iron she would be a tough nut for the Indians to crack. Given half-way luck she could take care of herself on the way out and, unless plans miscarried, she would have Cuyler's detachment with her on the way back.

The next two weeks were busy and anxious ones in Detroit. The enemy attacked many times but was always beaten off. Still they kept up the siege, something unusual in Indian warfare, and their numbers increased visibly day by day. If they ever learned cooperation and concentrated their full strength in one blow it would mean the end of the hardpressed little fort. Between battles troops and civilians were kept busy at every kind of work, for the commandant knew the danger of giving them time to think too much.

Days and then weeks with no sign of Cuyler or the schooner. Lake Erie was a big place and they might have passed without meeting, though both followed the usual route. If they had done that and those unsuspecting unseasoned troops once started up the river they would not have a chance. The civil population grew uneasy and afraid and the habitants' dire prophecies about the black rain were recalled and believed.

When the town was put on rations and sickness broke out the people petitioned Gladwyn to retreat to Niagara or give them the use of the ship *Beaver* for that purpose. But he would not turn tail with the king's men and he dared not let the others invite certain

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massacre by starting out unprotected. They must hang on and wait for Cuyler. But as that waiting dragged on the lines in the Major's face deepened and Jack's heart ached at the load his brother was obliged to carry.

One afternoon in late May Jean Ducharme came out of his cabin, waddling as he walked for he had put on weight since becoming a habitant. As a voyageur he had been lean and hard. Ah! those were the days. Cutting the smooth blue lake on a spring morning, racing like chiens de l' enfers to beat a summer tempest, shooting the rapids on an autumn afternoon with Montreal just ahead. Montreal with its lights and gaiety and long sparkling winters!

Jean was not old, non, non! He could still crack his heels together and shout the voyageurs' boast, "Je suis un homme! (I am a man!)," but when one has knocked on the sixtieth milestone one goes more moderately than when one was young. N' est pas? Then one ponders the foolishness of war and one feels a desire to help those who are caught in its storm. Par example, the so good M. le Commandant and his young brother who is the friend of little Joe.

JEAN fingered his pockets. In the old days he had carried a beaded pouch that swung from a gay sash above his bare thighs, but now he, the habitant, wore breeches and a shirt of cloth. No more fringed leggins and breech cloth and buckskin shirt with waving tail. Ah, so sad to think! But he still clung to his moccasins and red wooden cap and he took the same pride in his long black hair, now with the white in it, which was also useful against mosquitoes.

He looked at his wife, who was churning beyond the cabin door. Her brown thick-wristed arm went up and down like a well-sweep. Broad and fair like the Normans, she had always been the pride of her husband. Long ago—so very long ago!—she had borne him four sons and two daughters. Enfants celeste! One winter they died of smallpox. Imagine the silence of the cabin after that! Jean never went back to his canoe.

The old man sighed. One can not live in the past. Life is for the present only. It is to help those who also live. That morning when they heard the bad news, his wife had told him to go to the Englishmen who were so stupid but so good. They needed Jean, who was wise as a fox among rabbits. One's friends are one's duty. He waddled to his canoe and set off down the river.

An hour later he found Gladwyn and Jack in the commandant's room and gave them that bad news. An Indian woman whom Madame Ducharme had befriended, said that six hundred warriors were waiting at the mouth of the river to ambush Cuyler. Fast-traveling spies from Niagara had told of his coming. The trap was already set. Jean shook his head miserably at the prospect. Gladwyn walked up and down the room, the sweat of agony on his thin face.

When Jack could stand it no longer he suggested, "Why not send the other ship down to meet Cuyler?"

"I don't dare." The Major did not pause. "We need her here. And, if there are that many Indians down there, she would never make it."

"Then we must wait." Jack dug his hands into his pockets.

"Wait!" Gladwyn wheeled. "Wait! That is no way to fight! If I only had men enough to sally out and attack! I am tempted to try it!"

"You must not, M. le Commandant," Jean said, with the authority of an old man.

"Oh, I know, Jean, I know!" The Major pressed his lips together. "It would be suicide to leave the walls now. But, man, it is terrible to sit here and leave Cuyler to a fate like that!"

"Oui." Jean held his head in his hands.

"He may meet the schooner as you planned." Jack tried to sound hopeful.

"I no tink so me," Jean said through his fingers. "De lak ees so beeg."

"Even if he does, it will be touch-and-go with that number of Indians. I had no idea Pontiac could spare so many for an ambush. He must have thousands to draw from."

"Dey tick as de fly," Jean agreed.

Gladwyn clenched his hands. "If only Cuyler knew what to expect and could fort up on one of the islands near the mouth of the river. But he doesn't know! He doesn't even know the Indians are on the warpath! He will start upstream with his raw troops in open boats! They won't last half an hour!"

"M. le Commandant," Jean raised his head, "tonight I go me down de rivaire to de hilan een de dark. Dair I wait for M. Cuyler."

They stared at him.

"No, Jean," the major shook his head. "The fact that you are a habitant would make no difference if they caught you down there."

"Mebbe dey no ketch me." Jean rolled his eyes.

"But if they did!"

"M'sieu, dis ees de war."

"But I can't ask you, a noncombatant, to take such a risk."

"M. le Commandant," the old man leaned forward, "eet ees me dat husk. I hask to help de Henglish. De Henglish ees my frien. De man who no help hees frien ees one dog, eh?"

Gladwyn looked into the steady black eyes and answered in a tight voice, "The English never had a better friend than you, Jean."

"I know de rivaire, m'sieu."

"As no other man knows it."

"Den I go me?"

Gladwyn's face twisted. "Jean, for the sake of those who are dependent on me, I can not refuse."

"Bon! I go tonight."

"Take anything in the fort you want."

"One man to help paddle de canoe?"

"Certainly, any man you choose."

"Take me, Jean!" Jack cried.

"Oui," the old man nodded.

"No!" Gladwyn motioned him back, almost in terror. "Not you, Jack!"

"You promised, Harry." The boy looked him in the eyes. "You promised to treat me like a man and let me do my part."

"But, Jack, you are a marked man. Pontiac has promised you to Fish Hawk."

"Only in case Detroit falls and they get me alive."

"I don't trust him. You don't realize how dangerous this will be for you. No, not you, Jack!"

THE boy answered evenly, "If Jean is willing to take the chance the least we can do to show our appreciation is to meet him half way. Will we let him go where we are afraid to go ourselves?"

"M. le Commandant," Jean asked innocently, "you no want de boy to go wid me?"

The sweat ran down the major's white face. "I—I want him to come back—if he does go."

"You no trus de bon Dieu, M. le Commandant?"

"Yes," Gladwyn squared his shoulders, "and I trust you, my friend. You may go, Jack."

To be continued in *Boys' Life* for September

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EDITED BY FRANKLIN R. BRUNS Jr.

AT THE far eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea lies a small island that has witnessed and participated in many important events of history. The island, Cyprus, has a total area of only 3,584 square miles, and is situated less than fifty miles south of Asia Minor and west of Syria.

A series of ten stamps, issued in 1928, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Cyprus as a British colony, pictures several scenes, objects and portraits, all of which have played important parts in the history of the island. These designs, the first pictorials from the colony, have been used as the basis of this article to show how much can be gleaned from a single set of postage stamps.

It has been proven that the Bronze Age was of great importance to Cyprus because of the mineral deposits on the island. This era, which lasted from 3,000 to 1,200 B.C., found a distinct art and culture in existence. Cyprus first appeared on the pages of history under the name of Asi, when Tethmosis of Egypt conquered its inhabitants.

It was prior to the year 1,000 B.C. that a town known as Amathus flourished on the Island. Only fragments of a wall and a great stone cistern mark the site, recalled in one way by the ¾ pi. value of the 1928 issue, which reproduces a coin of that town. From the eighth to the seventh centuries B.C. Cyprus is known to have belonged to Phoenicia, and in 525 B.C. it fell into the possession of Persia. Certain cities attempted a revolt with the support of Greece, but were defeated when the Greeks became divided by feuds and the Phoenicians sided with the Persians.

Egypt once again became the ruling country in 323 B.C. and Cyprus passed to the Romans about 58 B.C. With the turn of the century and for some years thereafter Christianity gained a strong foothold and resulted in an uprising of both Jews and Greeks. Thousands of Christians were massacred and expelled from the island. Hadrian came to the defense of the oppressed and in turn drove the Jews from the island. It was about this time that Barnabas, a converted Jew, preached in Antioch.

During the fifth century A.D. the supposed discovery of the original of St. Matthews Gospel in the tomb of Barnabas won autonomy for the Christian Church of Cyprus. The 2½ pi. value of the previously mentioned set pictures the discovery of St. Barnabas' remains.

MOHAMMEDANISM is also represented on a value of this issue, the 9 pi. picturing the hospice of Umm Haram at Larnaca. Umm Haram was the "nurse" of the prophet Mohammed.

The conquests of the Franks left their marks on the island and its inhabitants. Both the monastery at Bella Pais and St. Nicholas Cathedral are represented on the 4 pi. and 45 pi., respectively.

With the division of the Roman Empire Cyprus fell into the hands of the eastern emperors and remained there for almost 700 years. During the period of the Crusades the island was a final halting place, and it was here on one occasion that the ruling despot saw fit to subject some of the Crusaders to severe cruelty. Richard I of England, known better perhaps as Richard, the Lion Heart, came to the defense of the embattled men and wrested the island away from its ruler. It was sold later to the Knights Templar, and passed to Guy Lusignan. Richard is represented on the 18 pi. value and by the coat of arms of Cyprus as pictured on the 6 pi. These arms were worn by Richard when he captured the island.

After a period of rule by the successors of Guy, Cyprus passed under the control of Venice, and in 1573 was given to Turkey. The rule of the latter power was so cruel that Great Britain took over the island shortly after the beginning of the World War, and with the treaty of peace gained full rights to make Cyprus a Crown Colony.

The wide span of years and the many political changes undergone by this small bit of land was thus clearly shown on ten small bits of paper. Six years later, in 1934, another pictorial issue was released which further accentuated this history. The ruins of Vouni Palace, the columns at Salamis, Soli Theatre and the tower of Kolossi, have all been pictured. The religious angle has been further evidenced by the views of Peristerona Church, St. Sophia Cathedral, the Bairakdar Mosque, the Buyuk Khan. These same designs were utilized in 1938 with the accession of King George VI to the throne of Great Britain, the major difference being the inclusion of a portrait of the new monarch in each stamp.

THOUGH not official as this article is written, the United States Post Office will release a three cent stamp on August 15 to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Panama Canal. The stamp will in all probability picture an air view of the Canal. It will be printed in purple ink from plates 22376, 22377, 22378 and 22379.

A special label has been issued by the American Olympic Committee as a means of aiding its drive to raise by public subscription the $350,000 needed to defray the expense of sending representative squads abroad next year for the winter games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, and the 1940 Olympics at Helsinki (Helsingfors), Finland.

Steel engraved in blue by the American Bank Note Company, the label depicts the start of the 1,500 meter race at Los Angeles in 1932. Seven runners stand in bold relief against a vast stadium, thronged with spectators and crowned with flying flags. The left border of the label is embellished by the symbolic Olympic torch; the right by the emblem of the American Olympic Committee. Across the top is printed the legend "American Olympic Committee," and beneath that in smaller type "Helsinki 1940 Games—St. Moritz."

Already available for distribution the labels are sold in perforated sheets of forty, priced at $1. They may be obtained from the American Olympic Committee, 233 Broadway, New York.

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We're Staying to Fish

(*Concluded from page 9*)

battling with another hard fighting fish.

"It's the biggest one yet!" he called, gleefully. "Why are you men all going in when the fish are striking? This is the best time of all!"

Playing the fish up to the canoe, Mr. Baker held it, splashing, close to the side, as Bob got the net under it.

"What a beauty!" Bill's fishermen exclaimed as in one voice, when the huge bass was pulled over the side.

"Hurray!" shouted the elated oil man. "Biggest bass I ever landed! Must weigh six pounds easy!"

"Forget about your fish!" Bill cried out, warningly. "You'd better be getting in to the dock. This storm's going to be a *hummer!*"

"It's *going around!*" insisted Mr. Baker, giving a quick look at the sky. "See those clouds shifting to the left! We're staying to fish!"

"Bob, are you crazy!" yelled Bill, making a cup of his hands.

Bob, seated grimly in the stern of his canoe, had his eyes on the man who had hired him. Mr. Baker had cast his spinner overboard again and was paying out the line.

"From now on you're getting *two* dollars for every bass I catch!" he announced, "instead of one!"

"Did you hear that?" laughed a member of Bill's party. "That Bob Hart is getting a bonus for every fish Mr. Baker catches! No wonder Hart took him to our fishing grounds!"

WAVES were running almost even with the pier as he bumped alongside, with fishermen now taking charge of their own boats. Others were on the dock to give aid, grasping lines and making fast.

"Look at the oil man and the kid!" said one of the men on the dock. "They'll turn over sure!"

"I'll say they will!" exclaimed one of the fishermen. "Bill, you certainly knew what you were doing when you brought us in! Say, I hope nothing happens to Bob Hart out there. He asked me the other day if I knew where there might be a job for his Dad, said that his Dad was in Richmond, out of work!"

"Out of work!" repeated Bill. "I knew his Dad was supposed to be working out of town. But how long since he's—"

"Quite awhile, I guess," was the reply. "Anyhow, as I get the story, the family have been living on what Bob's been able to—"

A wave of self-condemnation swept over Bill. A wave far more shocking in its cold, stabbing penetration than the waves on the lake.

"No wonder Bob couldn't put up his share of the money for this outboard motor," thought Bill. "No wonder he's been acting like he has! His pride wouldn't let him tell me about what was happening at home. I've been a blind fool!"

Bill cast off his lines and turned his outboard motor boat around. It was almost dashed back against the dock.

"Bill, where are you going? What are you—" he heard alarmed voices cry out to him. But they were lost to him in the roar of the wind and the first white sheet of rain.

Out on the lake, a jagged, brilliant flash of lightning revealed to Bill an over-turned canoe, lurching up and down, with two desperate figures, clinging to it!

His outboard motor was doing yeoman service, despite walls of water that came crashing in over the sides and which lifted the boat onto crests of waves and dropped it into swirling valleys where it was nearly swamped.

Within twenty feet of Bob and Mr. Baker, Bill tried frenziedly to bring his boat alongside. He would almost make it, only to be carried past, and have to turn about and struggle back, against the battering elements. He could see that Mr. Baker had taken in water and was in a dazed, semi-conscious condition. Bob was holding him up, with difficulty, and trying to shove his body over the upturned bottom of the canoe.

"Hurry up!" Bob gasped. "I can't hang onto him much longer!"

"Lucky I'm a tree surgeon!"

SWOOPING in on the surge of a big wave, Bill leaned from his boat and grabbed. He caught the collar of Mr. Baker's shirt and hung on. It tipped his boat to the water line and tossed it about in the wild water as he pulled and tugged trying to slide the heavy man over the side. Bob exerted himself to the utmost, pushing, and, when it seemed that he and Bill must abandon their efforts or the boat would be swamped, Mr. Baker finally tumbled into the boat.

A cross wave, fortunately, lifted Bob toward the boat and Bill got the other hand under an armpit. As another wave washed the boat high, taking Bob with it, Bill gave a frantic jerk and Bob's body cleared the side, falling astraddle the form of Mr. Baker. Both were gasping and choking.

Bill now had to give his full attention to keeping the over-weighted boat afloat and head it back toward the boathouse. The heaviest wind of the storm had spent itself but waves were running high. And rain was blotting the boathouse from sight. It could only be seen through flashes of lightning which crackled uncomfortably close.

Bob, coming around, dumped out a can of bait and started bailing. It was hard going and every minute frought with the danger of a wave engulfing them. Neither Bob nor Bill had anything to say until it was evident that they would make the boathouse. Then, Bill spoke up.

"I told you to up anchor and come in when I did!" he said. "You should have known better than to take chances like this!"

It was an attempt at indifference that failed, since Bill knew now, only too well, what had tempted Bob to stay as long as he could.

Reaching the dock and being lifted from the boat by excited and willing on-lookers, a grateful Mr. Baker, fast regaining his strength and poise, seemed not so much concerned over his narrow escape as he did the loss of his fish.

"My record catch of bass, they're all gone!" he mourned. "But I, at least, had the fun of landing 'em!" Then, turning to Bill, who had made fast his boat, with the storm now become a gentle patter of rain, he said: "Say, young man! I'm going to do something fine for you! The way you came to our rescue! Yes, sir, you can have anything you want!"

Bill shook his head. "No, thanks, Mr. Baker, I don't want a thing!"

"Tut, tut, here young fellow! You're going to get something whether you want it or not. So you might better speak up and let me give you something you'd really like!"

Bill hesitated. A sudden thought flashed to mind. It was a great temptation. Why not? It would be swell!

"Well, Mr. Baker," Bill reconsidered. "If that's the case, I think I'd like another outboard motor just like the one I've got. She never missed a putt in all that storm and waves!"

Mr. Baker laughed and his lungs wheezed. "Whew! Still got a little of the lake down there," he remarked, slapping himself on the chest. "Well, son, looks like you're out to get a fleet of outboard motors, eh?"

"Yes, sir!" said Bill. "With one more boat, I can double my business!"

Bob, who had been scanning the lake disconsolately in search of his canoe, turned to glare at Bill. Rubbing it in again, Bill returned the glare.

"Let's see, son, what's the name?" queried Mr. Baker, obtaining dry paper and a pencil. "I want to advise the company to whom the motor should be sent."

"The name," said Bill, "is Bob Hart."

"Bob Hart!" exclaimed the oil man, and scratched his head. "Bob Hart! That's strange! My poor memory again! I'd have sworn that young man's name over there was Bob Hart. All right, Mr. Hart, you'll get another outboard motor boat, just like this one!"

Cornelius Baker patted a grinning Bill on the back.

"Wait a minute," said Bob, stepping up. "My name *is* Hart. *His* name's Bill Bowen. He's just pulling a joke!"

"*What?*" Mr. Baker looked from one to the other.

"No, I'm not," said Bill. "Bob here—he's my partner. I decided I was to get the first boat and he was to get the next one. We've teamed up to handle all the boating business on this lake. So send this boat to him! We've started a fleet."

At last an understanding glimmer came into Bob's eyes. And a few drops of water that hadn't come from the lake. Bill was holding out his hand.

"Looks like a great season from now on, doesn't it?" he was saying.

"The greatest season ever!" said Bob.

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Educational Bureau
BOYS' LIFE

We appreciate very much the service you have been rendering us through the school department and through advertising. I know that you feel that sometimes your knowledge of schools is more theoretical than it should be. In order to give you a more personal picture of what one boy thought of us I am appending the following statement. This was taken from a statement written in the boy's own handwriting to the college which he will attend and has been edited in no way by an outsider:

"High school failed to awaken any enthusiasm within me. I put in much time at the athletic field, but studied merely enough to get by. On a couple of occasions, unfortunately I miscalculated the amount of study necessary to get by.

"After attending high school for two and a half years I went to ———— Preparatory School at the urging of my parents, who were very much dissatisfied with my lack of scholastic attainments. The change was one of the major factors of my life thus far.

"A visible metamorphosis occurred in me at ———— Prep. Perhaps it was the change of scene, the feeling of responsibility in living away from home, perhaps it was the superior educational facilities of the school. At any rate here I really became interested in my studies. I found the work absorbing, and found that I was applying myself to my books, not so much because I wanted to pass as because I was genuinely fascinated by the work. I was graduated in June 1935.

"My newly found interest in scholastic pursuits led me into scientific channels, and I find myself extremely interested in the study of medicine."

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IN THE

STANLEY & LIVINGSTONE
20TH CENTURY-FOX-BOYS' LIFE
CONTEST

COMING IN THE
SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF BOYS' LIFE

Sir Cedric Hardwicke
(Dr. Livingstone)

Movies of the Month

(Concluded from page 26)

Once more a photoplay is made from A. E. W. Mason's favorite story of character and adventure, THE FOUR FEATHERS (United Artists), this time in technicolor. The background of scenery in the Soudan is beautiful and forms a splendid setting for the story of young Harry Feversham, who thought himself a coward, was so branded by three friends and his fiancée. To prove himself he went into far greater dangers than those encountered by his fellow officers whom he rescues under most thrilling circumstances.

Disguised as a native Feversham attaches himself to the native army of the Khalifa and so is able, when the patrol commanded by Captain Durrance is wiped out, to rescue the officer, blinded by exposure to the burning African sun. That journey is finely pictured; the two, blind sometimes delirious officer and ragged man posing as a native of a tribe whose tongues have been cut out by their conquerors, stagger over dry desolate land, then by raft down the Nile when Feversham has to hold his companion and take care of the crude craft as well. Next the hero joins the British prisoners in the crowded, filthy prison hole at Omdurman, finds his other friends among them, and, after the second big battle of the picture, all three are saved, and the four feathers are taken back by those who gave them. With beautiful scenery, a good story, some of the best battles we have seen in pictures, and adventure to no end, this makes an exciting and satisfying picture even if one misses the psychological elements that were in the author's portrayal of Harry Feversham.

Shirley Temple fans and Western fans can now combine forces at SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES (20th Century-Fox) whose period is the eighties and scene Western Canada when the Canadian Pacific was building under the opposition of the Indians. Susannah is the only survivor of a wagon train attacked by the Indians; she is rescued by a Mounted Police officer and taken to his quarters. She has a finger in his romance and other happenings at the Post and a whole hand in the final settlement with the Indians after the man in charge of the work camp has precipitated trouble which results in an attack on camp and Post.

A tragic picture is FIVE CAME BACK (R.K.O.) which shows a proud airliner downed in an inaccessible jungle where the strangely assorted group of passengers and pilots reveal their true selves and three of them show splendid heroism. As adventure, as aviation, as character interplay, as drama, the picture is interesting.

The Secret of the Sahara

(Continued from page 5)

caught up with Touma. That evening, dangerously near death, Clyde was borne tenderly by the Tuareg into their village.

For five days he was fed date syrup and gruels. The Tuareg women, massive of body but with thin, delicate hands, rubbed him with ostrich fat, fed him water in small sips from sweet-smelling gourds. The fever went from his brain; his eyes gradually regained their lustre. Soon he was able to talk, and when he learned that the chieftain to whom he owed his care was none other than the Tuareg who had given Touma to his father several years before he knew that he was among friends and explained to them who he was, how he happened to come into possession of Touma, and that his mission was to find his father.

The Tuaregs gazed admiringly at Clyde as he told them this. There were nods and grunts of approval; whisperings, high-pitched with amazement. Had a mere boy the strength of a man? The courage of a man? Had this child of the White Man who went into the mountains to gather rocks the same strange power that had made Touma his slave, faithful to none but him?

At a brusque word from the chieftain one of the younger men disappeared into a nearby hut, returned quickly with something in his hand which he handed to his superior.

"For several months," the chief said, "we have wondered about these. Our children found them tied to the legs of wild pigeons which they trapped in the date gardens."

Clyde carefully examined the objects. They were bits of cloth, not more than two inches long and an inch wide. But the cloth was white. It bore writing in a substance which Clyde knew was blood. As he gazed at the chief he knew that these were messages from his father, for the cloth was that of his own shirt.

"Where," he asked, "did those pigeons come from? Do you know?"

The chieftain waved his hand towards the east. "The Tibesti," he said. "A mountainous region like Azben, but many days travel from here. It is inhabited by the Tibbou, a fierce, savage people who are our enemies. Once each year they journey here to pillage our villages and steal our camels. Many each year fall in battle."

"My father," Clyde told him steadily, "is then a prisoner of the Tibbou. He sent these messages. He asked for help."

For a long time the Tuareg chieftain gazed at the slender, determined youth seated before him. His thin fingers played with the glass of tea resting in the sand at his knee. How could he refuse aid to such a man—to such a boy? For he knew James Morrison well. The two had eaten from the same bowl; they had exchanged presents. Even now, from a leather thong about his neck, though concealed behind his dark blue gown, he could feel the binoculars that James Morrison had given him in recompense for Touma.

He moistened his lips behind his blue veil. "I will help you," he said, "to rescue your father. But we must leave immediately. There is no time to be lost. The Tibbou village is located high in the mountains. From their village even an old man can see an enemy approaching a day's march away. By daylight or by starlight the Tibbou stronghold is impregnable." The chieftain put his fingers to his thin beard. He looked singly at his circle of warriors. "But with the dust over the desert," he continued softly, an attack is possible. We can approach the Tibesti unseen. We can catch them unawares."

At sundown of that day a cavalcade of one hundred Tuaregs filed through the Azben hills to the desert below. The muzzles of rifles nodded above the humps of their camels; goatskins swollen with water hung from their saddles. At their head, mounted on a superb white camel, rode Moussa, the Tuareg chief. Beside him, mounted on Touma, rode Clyde.

For six days and six nights they marched due east through a land gray with dust and tortuous with mountainous dunes of sand; and they stopped only to rest their mounts and themselves, for their was no pasturage in this land and no water. They could cross it in safety only by marching as swiftly as possible, to the limit of their camels' strength; by reaching the Tibesti before their camels were too weakened by starvation and thirst to go farther.

And on the night of the sixth day they had halted within a few hour's ride of the Tibesti and were preparing themselves for battle; Moussa gazed long at the sky, and after a time he seated himself in the great circle of kneeling camels and ordered his men about him and motioned Clyde to a place in front of him. His face was grave under his blue veil and his shoulders drooped as he raised his hand, pointing to the heavens.

"Thou seest the stars?" he asked. And when Clyde had gazed aloft, noticing for the first time the glimmerings of light above them he added in a lower voice, slowly, "There is no hope now. We are too late. By dawn the dust will have disappeared completely. The Tibbou will see us even as we are sitting here now."

Clyde's heart dropped within him. "You mean," he asked, "we cannot rescue my father now? We must wait?"

"Wait?" Moussa shook with grim laughter. "Our camels cannot wait for food and water. Nor can we. We must return immediately."

And his men, fully understanding the truth of his words, nodded assent.

For a long moment Clyde sat under the cloud of this judgment. Then, getting up, he went to where Touma was resting, his head up, a little apart from the Tuareg camels. He could not concede defeat—yet. Hadn't Monsieur de Vic and the French authorities declared his father dead and hadn't he discovered otherwise? Hadn't they said it would be impossible to venture into the south Sahara in the summer time

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Advertisements, to be accepted for Scout Publications, must, in addition to meeting the standards in general use by publishers of high grade periodicals and other advertising media:

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and hadn't he done so? There must be a way of accomplishing this next and last impossibility.

For the better part of a half-hour, while the Tuaregs were preparing to depart, Clyde paced the camp, his mind leaping from desert to mountain peak, from the caravans that had crossed the desert to the majestic white camels ruminating about him in the clearing night. Once he paused to put a question to Moussa; another time he scraped the earth with his foot, feeling it with his toes. Finally, his plan complete, he stood before the warriors. In hurried Arabic he briefly explained his idea. No sooner had he finished than the camp was transformed by a furious activity.

PRECIOUS water was poured onto ground. Mud was made and this was painstakingly rubbed over the entire bodies of the white camels. The gaudy Tuareg saddlebags were turned inside out and filled with dry brushwood, clothing—anything that would fill them out. Ten Tuaregs clad in the soiled and stained clothes of travel and without weapons took their stations among the darkened camels laden with the light saddlebags, and Clyde was among them. The remaining Tuaregs, armed to the teeth, withdrew behind a sand dune, where they were completely concealed.

Three hours later, when dawn came over the desert, the Tibbou discovered what appeared to be an Arab caravan, richly laden with goods from the Sudan, making its way slowly past the Tibesti towards the rich markets in the north. Here, at their very doorstep, guarded and led by only a handful of defenseless Arabs, was the prize of a lifetime!

Orders were given swiftly. Lean racing camels were brought in from the rocky pastures. Small, wiry men with flat faces and glittering eyes sprang into their saddles. Down the steep defiles they sped, shouting and waving their muskets. They gained the desert below and with a burst of gunfire began their assault.

But the brown camels in the caravan, the Tibbou soon discovered, were not as slow of foot as their appearance and burdens semed to indicate. Already they were beginning to draw away, sending the dust and sand behind them in clouds, their packs bobbing on their backs and their waterskins swaying drunkenly beside their bellies. They were actually swifter, the Tibbou discovered, than their own camels, and they were heading for a low dune beyond which, the Tibbou realized with gratification, there was six hundred miles of waterless desert. The caravan could not hope to go much farther; it would be a case, soon, of pleading for mercy or choosing death by thirst in the desert.

Too late they saw the Tuaregs rise from behind the dune. Too late they found themselves cut off from retreat by withering rifle fire, by Tuaregs with flashing swords and raised lances who had appeared from all sides as if by magic and were closing in on them. There was no escape for them now; they had been caught by a brain more cunning than their own, by men and camels stronger than theirs. Their ancient war against the Tuaregs, their years of pillage and plunder had at last come to an end.

FROM a high peak in the Tibesti James Morrison watched this strange battle. It was not the first he had seen. Many a caravan had been plundered under his eyes by the Tibbou during the six months he had been their captive and he had been helpless to assist; to manage even to escape.

How could he have escaped? The Tibesti was like an island in the sea. Hundreds of miles of waterless desert surrounded it on every side. Without a camel and plenty of water he was as securely imprisoned as if he had been behind bars. And the Tibbou, realizing this, had made no effort to confine him further. He could be useful to them as a slave, to herd their goats, scrape and tan hides.

Who were their conquerors? James Morrison asked himself. Brigands from the Rio de Oro? Senussi from the lawless lands to the north? No matter! Better by far to have a chance of escape from them than remain a Tibbou slave; to spend another six months watching the desert, waiting for help that never came. Touma had doubtless been killed or captured. The messages he had sent by the wild pigeons had probably never been found. Well, he would seize this opportunity. He would leave the Tibesti forever, throw himself on the mercy of the strangers. Some day, perhaps, he would reach Touggourt, find his son.

Fitting his sandals to his calloused feet he glanced behind him, saw that he had already put a ridge between himself and the Tibbou camp and began his descent.

Suddenly he halted. A shape somehow familiar had caught his eye. A camel whose size made his heart beat had separated itself from the scene of conflict and was coming towards him. It was a brown camel, there was no doubt of that. And it was being ridden by a man, whereas he knew that Touma had never allowed anyone on his back except himself. But there was a familiar swing to the beast's shoulders and it was coming towards him with a speed possible to no other camel.

Could it be Touma? Could the men with the flashing swords be Tuaregs? Could it all have been a ruse! Could Touma actually have reached Touggourt . . . had his messages sent by the pigeons been found?

And the slight figure riding the huge beast that was surging towards him, could it be his son?

With tears welling up into his wrinkled eyes James Morrison gazed and wondered, half-believing, trying to believe; his beard glistening in the bright, hot sun.

And he knew that it was the truth, that nothing he could ever will thereafter would be impossible, when later, Touma magnificent beside him in his coat of mud, he held his son tightly in his arms.

AN INTERESTING mystery story of French soldiers and Tuareg in Sahara is THE LOST CARAVAN by Waldo Fleming, published by Doubleday-Doran at $2.00. It is the story of a French officer and his son who try to trace a caravan that has disappeared. The boy has a friend in a young Tuareg and together they aid in unravelling the mystery.

Can You TAKE It?

(Concluded from Page 28)

center axis of the body distributed broadly along the back, but most of the weight is borne by "shoulder straps." These straps are attached together in the center of the top of the pack, so that they will cross over the shoulder, close to the root of the neck as near as possible to the body axis. Weight carried out on the shoulder, hip or in the hand violates this important rule of center axis bearing. These "shoulder" straps bear on a heavy neck muscle mass and cross in front over the collar bone which protects the large arteries and nerves coming from the neck to the arm. If these muscles are large and strong they make a good cushion for weight bearing. These muscles are good for several other purposes and are used in boxing, paddling, throwing, in every athletic sport.

I consider these muscles so important that I am giving you two exercises that I recommended to thousands. What is more, I have used them myself nine days out of ten for many years. When I have time for nothing else, I do these anyhow. They help to keep your head up, back straight and strong to bear the things that "get on your neck." Get them in mind and remember them so that you can do them at odd times.

Exercise 1. Arm Circles

Position: Arms stretched sideways shoulder level leaning slightly forward as if a pack was on the back.

Action: Make circles with the straight arms, (shoulder to finger tips) 12 inches in diameter upward and backward, 10 times. Breathe three times and repeat until sixty are done. It is one of our old time standard exercises.

Exercise 2. Star Gazer Special

Position: Clasp the hands behind the head, look up until you see the stars overhead, try to see the back of your neck. Don't lean back. To avoid this error, stand touching your toes to a wall—keep your chest touching the wall and keep your belly away from it as you do the exercise. This makes it tough but good.

Action: Pressing the head back in this position turn the head right as far as possible looking behind the elbow. Hold it momentarily and then turn the head to the other side sweeping the sky from East to West, and West to East. Do this 10 times slowly. Relax and breathe deeply twice. Repeat, thirty times in all.

Special Offer Free

We have a special sheet of Exercises for development of strong necks and upper backs, a key to power often neglected in so-called "systems" of body building. Send for it. No charge. In addition you can ask any question you like about carrying your pack or carrying yourself. If I can't answer them, I'll get Uncle Dan or Green Bar Bill to do it and they know everything.

Offer No. 2 Free

Read in this issue of Boys' Life directions for making a pack frame. Last year also in Boys' Life we described how to make a pack basket. You can get a full description with every step pictured and described. Free. If you wish to enclose a three cent stamp with your question we can use it!

THE Bearers of Burdens are men of quality strong and free, backs straight, eyes clear and muscles strong, wide chests filled with the breath of heaven, eyes to see, hands quick for action and service and high dancing hearts.

Choose your burdens wisely of clean, strong, simple things (add someone else's troubles, they lighten your own load). Pack them well. Bind them together with care. Pick them up and fit them snug on your back half way between earth and sky where you belong. Skillful and strong, carry them singing up the climbing path to high places and glorious views, day by day and far away.

P. S. Keep off wet car tracks.

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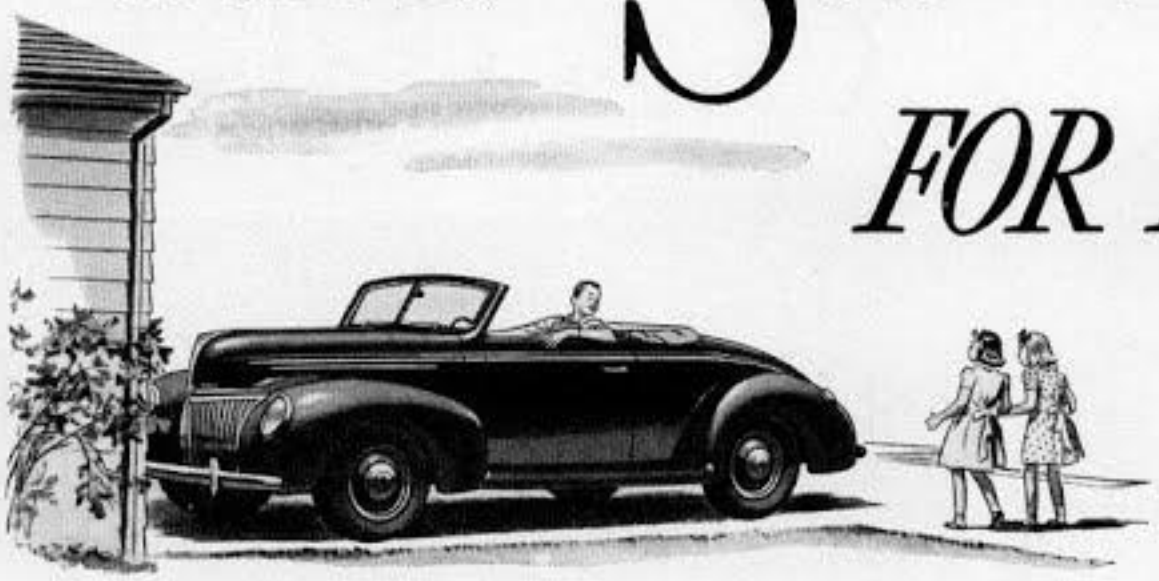
"O.K. Sis—I'LL WAIT FOR YOU TO PASS"



Bud Jones raced out the front door like a house afire, ran into the garage and stepped on the starter.

"Nine minutes to get down town," he muttered, as he backed into the driveway. "No time to waste in—*whoa!*" Quickly he put his foot on the brakes as little Mary Gerhart, hand in hand with her sister, walked recklessly toward the path of the backing car.

"O. K., Sis—I'll wait for you to pass." Bud halted the car, drew a deep breath, and watched the children skip safely by. "Close shave!" he whistled. "I ought to have more sense than to tear out without looking!"

You'd think reverse travel would make a man doubly careful. But it doesn't seem to work that way. Far too many accidents are caused by *backing into trouble.*

TRAVEL IN REVERSE

There's one common-sense rule to follow always: "Use your head and your eyes and *back slowly!*"

Here are a couple of easy suggestions for the expert driver: Keep your rear windows clean at all times. Also have your rear-view mirror always polished and properly adjusted. That'll help make backing easier and safer. And notice that many an expert driver lowers the window beside him, when he's backing, and sticks his head out like a railroad engineer in his locomotive cab. You'd be surprised how that helps!

If you have to back out over a sidewalk, come to a stop *just before you reach the sidewalk.* Then look around carefully on both sides. If your vision is obstructed, *sound your horn.*

SLOW'S THE WORD

Backing into any street—busy or otherwise—can't be done safely, in a hurry. When you're sure the sidewalk is clear, move on across it. But before you actually back into the street, *stop again* and make certain no traffic is coming.

So much for getting a car onto the highway. Now if you're ever out on the street and find that you need to back up a long distance—*don't do it.* Go around the block instead. The boy or girl driver who zooms backwards for hundreds of feet attracts plenty of attention, all right—but the wrong kind of attention. That business is the sure mark of an incompetent driver . . . and it's against the law in many localities.

As a matter of fact, the expert driver backs only when necessary. He won't overdo it. A good driver, for example, never backs around a corner. He'd rather turn in the street.

A GOOD CAR HELPS

You'll find the Ford car easy to handle in reverse. It steers lightly and flexibly. Its gears shift readily, its clutch works easily. You can keep the Ford under control and back smoothly at slow speed.

Ability to back a car neatly is one of the distinguishing marks of an expert driver. Take your time, go easy on the gas, and keep the other fellow in mind. That way, you get back where you're going. That way, you're head man when it comes to driving!

EXPERT-DRIVER HINT

Watch out for places where the road narrows and the going is risky. Many bridges, out in the open country, accommodate but one car at a time. Approach slowly, watch out for the oncomer, and if it looks like a battle, wait awhile. You can well afford to lose that kind of argument.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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"Let's get a Coca-Cola"

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It's a lucky thirst that meets an ice-cold Coca-Cola ...at America's favorite meeting place, the soda fountain. Coca-Cola has the taste thirst goes for. It leaves you with an after-sense of complete refreshment...making a pause *the pause that refreshes.*

COLD...ICE-COLD...AT BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL FOUNTAINS

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